

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

REV. JOHN BARKER, D. D.,
LATE PRESIDENT OF ALLEGHANY COLLEGE.

BY REV. C. KINGSLEY, D. D.

THE painter who throws upon canvas that strange index of the soul, the human face and form, and gives apparent life to the passions and emotions which look out through the eye and speak through the lip, may well say he paints for immortality.

The sculptor, whose genius enables him to convert the rude marble into forms of beauty, purity, wisdom, and dignity, lives in his own creations long after his body has mingled with the dust.

But the educator works upon the soul itself. His canvas is a deathless spirit. His block of marble is already stamped with immortality. It is his business to mold into forms of living beauty, purity, wisdom, and dignity a conscious, intelligent, immortal soul. There is no more useful position, there is no higher calling, there is no more responsible post assigned to mortals than that of the Christian teacher. Such a man, though unseen and too often unthought of, lives on from generation to generation, and from age to age, in the noble aspirations he has kindled, in the enterprise and intelligence he has fostered, and in the high and holy aims with which his labors have inspired humanity.

Dr. John Barker was preëminently a Christian educator. He felt, and all acquainted with him felt, that this was his sphere of duty. His education, tastes, talents, and inclinations combined to fit him peculiarly for this department of labor. It is to his character as an educator of youth that the attention of the reader is more particularly invited in this article. But we are not about to say that even in his character as an educator any more than in his character as a man, he was a model or was perfect. Extravagant laudation is the bane of biographical

sketches. There never was but one model man. There never was but one model teacher. It is the fault of surviving admirers to overstate the good qualities and conceal the defects of their subject. This is no advantage to the dead, but a positive injury to the living. Instead of an insight into the character of the *real* man, we are too frequently entertained with the *ideal* of the writer. The truth of history is thus sacrificed to the demands of a morbid admiration. Even among those whom God employed as the instruments and dispensers of his revelation to mankind, we find, notwithstanding their high and unspeakably-responsible position, the errors and failings incident to fallen humanity; and we find their recorded defects in the same history which commemorates their faith and their triumphs. Had it been otherwise with the record, the very fact would have cast a suspicion upon its truthfulness by presenting human nature not as it is in fact, but as it was imagined to exist in the heroes of the story.

John Barker was born in Foggathrope, East Riding of Yorkshire, England, March 17, 1813. His parents emigrated to this country three years after, and settled in the state of New York. From a child he was a lover of books, and ardently and enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. Although possessing an unusual flow of animal spirits, he sacrificed the usual sports and recreations of childhood and youth to gratify his intense thirst for knowledge. His physical development undoubtedly suffered from this cause. A better physical education in connection with mental and moral culture is a want of the age. The three harmonized is necessary to the perfection of our nature. The subject is just beginning to attract that attention it should have received centuries gone by. He was thoroughly prepared for college before he arrived at the age usually required as one of the conditions of admission, and was obliged to wait till he was

fourteen to be admitted into Geneva College, New York. He entered this institution in 1827, and graduated in 1831, having in a very thorough manner completed every part of the college course. So highly were his attainments estimated by Geneva College that he was afterward offered a professorship in the institution.

After graduating he taught a private school in Geneva, New York, for four years. During this time he embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. His conversion was clear and powerful, and he ever afterward evinced a strong assurance of faith. About a year after his conversion he received license as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. About this time he was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, where he remained five years. In 1840 he was elected Vice-President and Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in Alleghany College. In 1845 he accepted the Professorship of Ancient Languages in the Transylvania University in Kentucky. Two years later he was elected President of Alleghany College, which post he filled with eminent success till the close of his life, on February 26, 1860.

Dr. Barker was a warm-hearted friend, kind, generous, and sympathizing. His constitution, we think, was impaired by too close application to study while young; yet he always manifested unusual buoyancy of spirit, particularly in the company of his friends. Here he delighted to throw off the restraints which, right or wrong, the world has thought proper to impose on men in his position, especially in their official intercourse with men. He was so free, so easy, so natural in conversation as to relieve the most timid at once from all embarrassment. A constant reader from a child, with a memory that retained every thing, his fund of information, of incident, of anecdote, was truly astonishing. It was seldom, indeed, that any subject could be mooted upon which he was not well posted. His hearty enjoyment of refined society, his fine flow of social feeling, combined with remarkable conversational powers and ready wit, rendered his presence a charming acquisition to the social circle. His feelings on these occasions often rose to a degree of hilarity and mirthfulness, and such was his keen sense of the ludicrous, that when he chose to convulse an audience with laughter, to surrender at discretion was the best thing to be done. If he erred on these occasions it was in sometimes giving too loose rein to the playful caperings of a bounding heart, which refused to grow old with the lapse of years.

Yet in all this there remained a profound rever-

ence for God, and a deep sense of religious obligation. He delighted greatly in all the means of grace, and was always at his post as a Christian soldier, unless physically incapacitated. The Scriptures were familiar to him as household words. He often sat under the preaching of those every way his inferiors, but never as the cold critic. A stranger would have pointed to him as one of the most humble and devout hearers, ever eager to learn of Him who is meek and lowly. He was generous to a fault, always ready to divide the last dollar with the needy. A person or a cause in need carried his heart captive at once, and he poured out free as water what he had for the relief of the needy object, often giving beyond his ability.

In 1843 Dr. Barker was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Morrison, a most estimable lady, the daughter of the President of the Board of Trustees of the College. Three children remain as the fruit of this marriage. His first wife died about nine years after their marriage. In 1853 he was again married to a widow lady in Lexington, Kentucky, who still survives him. She came among strangers to encounter prejudices which the world has long since stereotyped in the case of all step-mothers. And never were prejudices more triumphantly overcome. She proved to be that kind of a wife which Solomon says is of the Lord. No mother was ever more true to her own children than she to those of her husband; and, with the spirit of a noble Christian heroine, she has determined to devote herself to the raising and training of those dear ones, now bereft of both parents.

Dr. Barker was preëminently free from what may be denominated the besetting sin of too many men in high positions. Envy and jealousy found no place in his heart. He rejoiced in the prosperity of others as though it had been his own. If another succeeded better than himself, instead of envying him he looked upon his success as a part of his own wealth. In this spirit he looked upon the things of others. It has been said as a half apology for what too often exists among men that "mountains never touch at the top." True, they do not, but the reason is a diminution of their magnitude as they rise up into the regions of perpetual frost. They touch where they are the greatest. Although poor in this world's goods, Dr. Barker inherited the earth. We never knew a man who we believe could more truly apply to himself the precious Scripture, "All are yours." His unselfish heart inherited all things, and seemed to be in sympathy with all things but sin. The modesty of science, the meekness, purity, and hopefulness of the Gospel, combined to constitute for

him a wealth compared with which "gold is poor."

As a preacher Dr. Barker was all, and more, than can reasonably be expected of one whose life is consecrated to another work. He never fell into the dry and prosy habit too common and almost inevitable to men in his position, and with his amount of other labor. No man who preaches but occasionally, and without that preparation which consists in being wholly devoted to *one work*, can do himself full justice as a preacher. His pulpit efforts, however, were always characterized by zeal and freshness. They were rather practical than doctrinal, and his extemporaneous efforts we always thought were the best. His set efforts were often too highly wrought to be most useful to the generality of hearers. But when his theme led him to draw upon the treasures of Christian experience, no man was happier in bringing out the marrow and fatness of the Gospel. Although he never received an appointment to what has been technically called the "regular work," yet few men have been more truly pastors. He watched over the spiritual interests of the students with as much Christian solicitude, we venture to affirm, as any pastor ever felt for his flock, was as speedily by the side of the sick and dying, as ready on all occasions to administer spiritual counsel, as competent to point the inquiring soul to "the Lamb of God," to recover any that were out of the way. Nor were his labors of this kind by any means confined to the students, as the hundreds to whom his Christian counsels in time of trouble can testify.

The Transylvania University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1848. Washington College, Pennsylvania, conferred the same degree soon after.

But, as we have already intimated, *teaching* was evidently the sphere for which Providence designed him. Here he was fully at home, and here every faculty and acquisition found ample play. The business of education was his life-long work. He was never out of school from the time he first entered as a pupil till he was removed from the Presidency of Alleghany College by death. He was correcting some compositions of students when he fell from his chair and expired without uttering a word. We have heard him remark that he desired to so spend his life as a teacher that the word "faithful" might be written on his tombstone. We wish all epitaphs were as true as would be this word in such a place. In Lima he taught mathematics; at Transylvania, ancient languages; at Alleghany College, first the natural sciences, then moral science and belles-lettres, and finally

mathematics. In every one of these departments he was eminently successful. In regard to most teachers, although they may be good general scholars, there is some one study or class of studies in which they excel, and for which alone they possess that enthusiasm indispensable to eminent success. But not so with Dr. Barker. All knowledge had charms for him. Even dry statistics were treasured up with avidity, and could be brought forth at will. While it may be said of most teachers respectively, such or such a study is his *forte*, it could be said of him, every thing in the college course was his *forte*. He loved every branch ardently, and so far as any one could judge equally well. Latin and Greek inflexions which he had heard for the thousandth time, mathematical and geometrical definitions which he had been driving into the heads of students for thirty years, seemed on each repetition to kindle the same pleasure in his mind as when first apprehended by the young pupil thirsting for knowledge. He was singularly happy in being able to retrace the mental process by which his own knowledge had been acquired, and to put himself precisely in the place of the learner. This is one of the great secrets of success in teaching, and yet it is not every accomplished scholar that can do it. He enjoyed with an ever-recurring freshness the mental stimulus which knowledge imparts. His words of instruction seemed to taste good to himself, and even the dull student, who was at first unable to appreciate their flavor, was, nevertheless, impressed that there was something good in them by the way they were relished by the teacher. There is what, for want of a better word, we will call unction as well in teaching as in all public speaking, by which the truth is felt to flow easily from a heart deeply in sympathy with it at the same time that it enlists the corresponding sympathies of the hearer. This is another indispensable element of success in all public instruction. However valuable and instructive knowledge may be in itself, if it be spit out in such a way as to give the hydrophobia to each sentence as it passes the lips of the teacher, the pupil will shudder at receiving it. He will take it, if at all, not as the keen appetite relishes wholesome food, but as the sick child takes medicine. Or, if the teacher discourses as from the land of dreams, it will be no wonder if the pupil, catching the *inspiration* of the occasion, goes to sleep. With this unwavering interest in knowledge, this passion for teaching, joined with a most truly-benevolent heart, and an aptitude for illustration which we have never known exceeded, the reader will be at no loss to know why Dr. Barker should have been ardently loved by his

pupils, and by the patrons of the institution for the pupils' sake. The success of any school may be largely estimated by the amount of mutual affection subsisting between pupils and teacher. This love for the teacher naturally leads to a love for study. The young pupil feels that it would be a kind of sacrilege to be indifferent to what so deeply interests the teacher, and thus he enters upon his labors with that prepossession in favor of any certain study which seldom fails of securing success.

We shall not say that Dr. Barker was faultless as a teacher. We are too much his friend to do this. If he were living he would be pained to see such a statement. We will not prove false to him when he is dead. With teaching as with governing there may be too much of it. The teacher may explain so much, may help so much, as in a great measure to take from the pupil that sense of self-reliance so necessary to eminent success in any calling. The student should rather be so taught as to seem to teach himself. He should be helped to help himself. A question that helps him to solve a difficulty inspires him to solve another difficulty without help. A shrewd student not too fond of hard study will often wish to draw out the professor on some side issue, and, under pretext of wishing to go to the bottom of the subject, or to know more about it than is contained in meager text-books, seek to conceal his own want of close application. With Dr. Barker such an effort sometimes succeeded. If such a student struck a vein that awakened his enthusiasm, and he was seen to lean back in his chair, cross his legs, and begin to swing his foot, a magnificent lecture was sure to follow, which neither the ringing of bells nor the demands of empty stomachs were able to curtail. If Dr. Barker taught too much, and thus imposed too great labor on himself, the error proceeded from the goodness of his heart, and his yearning desire to impart knowledge. A more rigid exaction from his pupils would have saved his own strength, and, in some instances, improved theirs. Such was his fondness for teaching, and his unwearied devotion to the welfare of the institution, that in addition to the labors and responsibilities peculiar to the position of President, he insisted on a full share of labor with his colleagues in the regular work of teaching. In this we think he also erred, but this error, like the other, proceeded from the goodness of his heart. Had he imposed less labor on himself, he might perhaps yet have lived to bless the Church and the world.

In government, Dr. Barker's policy was eminently paternal. He felt a father's care for every student, and the tenderness of his affec-

tion sometimes inclined him to lean too much, probably, to the side of mercy toward those who disregarded or too lightly esteemed college discipline. Not unfrequently, after the Faculty in grave consultation had determined to dismiss some student upon whom their patience had been exhausted, and the President had been charged with the duty of communicating the unpleasant tidings, would his heart relent, and, yearning with tenderness and pity toward the erring one, he would grant a further day of grace. The proper government of a body of young pupils just emerging into manhood, especially under a republican form of government, requires perhaps the rarest endowments of the human mind. Not unfrequently these young sovereigns have notions of rights altogether incompatible with college discipline. They believe their notions to be both the product and the foundation of "our glorious institutions." If these highly-tinged views of "liberty and independence" can be properly controlled till their minds have acquired a little discipline, and they learn that all rational liberty is founded in reasonable restraints, and till they come to see in some degree, from the very circumstances which surround them, what must be the proper relation between teacher and pupil, all will be likely to go on smoothly. But not unfrequently incipient combinations are found to exist which an experienced eye will see must ultimately, if not checked, substitute anarchy instead of order. Such a state of things requires all the wisdom and all the grace of the very best head and heart. To guide the powerful current which it would be improper to attempt to stop suddenly into a proper channel, to draw the lightning from the clouds ere the terrible shock ensues, these require the wisdom of the philosopher. Such crises as these, and every college of much age has had them, were unspeakably painful to Dr. Barker. They overwhelmed his soul with anguish, and he sought with prayers and tears the wisdom which is from above. Under his labors and those of his worthy associates, Alleghany College has held a place in the rank of literary institutions second to none in our Church. Hard work, sound scholarships, with salaries that have not hitherto, to the best of our belief, proved any serious impediment to entering the kingdom of heaven, have thus far been the order of the day at this honored seat of learning. No college in our country has made better students or done more to place the means of thorough education within the reach of all. A still brighter day is dawning upon Alleghany College. Its well-earned fame is raising up for it noble friends, and it is likely to soon be in a

condition to greatly extend its usefulness. May it soon have a President worthy to succeed the lamented subject of this sketch!*

The account of the last hours of Dr. Barker we take from a discourse commemorative of his life and character, by Rev. William Hunter, D. D., Cramer Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Alleghany College: "The decease of our brother was sudden, and, as we have reason to believe, wholly unanticipated by himself, as it certainly was by his friends. The evening of the 25th of February found him in apparently excellent health. During the day he had been engaged in the duties of his calling, and in offices of kindness and sympathy to sorrowing and bereaved neighbors. He had followed the body of an excellent lady, one of his neighbors, to the cemetery, where he himself, though all unconscious, was so soon to lie. He had afterward met some of his friends and fellow-citizens on the streets and in their places of business with his usual cheerful smile and pleasant greeting, but by eight o'clock that evening he was found insensible in his chamber. The pen had fallen from his hand—the manuscript lay on the table with his last corrections; and in spite of all that medical skill and human sympathy could do, shortly after the midnight hour, the lamp of life had ceased to burn. The particulars of those hours of grief have been given to the public in other forms, and I need not repeat them. I have little occasion to rehearse in the ears of most of this audience how startling was the surprise, how profound the grief, that ran and spread through this whole community when, on that Sabbath morning, neighbor said to neighbor, and friend to friend, in stifled accents, 'Dr. Barker is dead!' The scenes and the feelings of the three or four days intervening between his death and his interment are still too vivid in the minds of this community to need calling up in words. They come up spontaneously. Memory recalls those constant streams of citizens passing and repassing upon College Hill—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned—all with saddened countenances, expressing the common conviction—'We have lost a friend!' 'A great man and a prince in Israel has fallen!' The tears that fell over his bier from the eyes of old men and children, young men and maidens, from Christians of his own denomination and from others, from his own fellow-laborers in the field of literary toil, and from others, all told how highly he was esteemed, how greatly beloved."

*Since the above was written Rev. George Loomis, D. D., has been elected President.

The following extract is from the pen of Prof. Martin, written the day after the funeral: "Had a stranger visited our unusually quiet and cheerful village on the morning of yesterday he would have been struck with the strange and all-absorbing sorrow which seemed to pervade every breast and reflect itself from every countenance. The stores were closed, the workshops stood still, the offices of business were deserted, the courts of justice silent. The heavens, overcast with clouds, appeared to share the general gloom and find relief in light and frequent showers. These, however, did not prevent the great mass of our population from gathering in the streets and wending their way in long, silent processions toward our College Chapel. The white locks of age, the ruddy face of youth—all classes, conditions, orders, and sects were there. It was no common occasion which called together this large and sad assemblage. We only express the sober truth when we say that the whole community turned out with one consent to pay its last mournful tribute of respect to the remains of one of the best and noblest men our world has ever seen. On last Saturday John Barker, D. D., President of Alleghany College, appeared to be in the full enjoyment of usual health. By special arrangement with a colleague he expected to occupy the pulpit of the church in which he usually worshiped on next [Sabbath] morning. In the evening, after tea and family prayers, he retired to his study, and a few minutes afterward one of the family entering the room found him lying on the floor—prostrated by a sudden stroke of congestion and paralysis. The skill of physicians who were instantly summoned, and the attention of friends who gathered round his bed, were all in vain. The powers of nature continued gradually to sink, and about two o'clock Sabbath morning he fell asleep in Christ."

So lived and so died an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

BY MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

THERE'S a beautiful home in the land of the blest,
And its skies are unclouded and clear;
Its hills and its valleys in sunshine are dressed,
Such sunshine as never glows here.

There a true Friend abides, and his love is so pure
That it "casteth out every fear;"
His friendship so lasting 't will always endure;
Such friendship we can not know here.

That friendship is ours, and that love we may claim;
And whenever life's pathway is drear,
If we look to that Friend—if we call on his name,
He will gladden our hearts even here.

GOLD FOR DROSS.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

SUPPER was over at farmer Holmes's one winter evening, the table cleared away, the wide hearth swept up neatly, and the good farmer was enjoying the luxury of his leather-cushioned easy chair and slippers, while on the little stand beside him were placed the light and his weekly paper. But it was too cozy and pleasant for reading yet, and he sat with his hands folded, gazing musingly into the glowing embers.

Near him sat little Louise, the household pet, busy in finishing a pair of soft worsted undersleeves—a Christmas gift for an absent sister. The mild-eyed, brown-haired mother sat in her low rocking-chair, and the click of her bright needles made pleasant music as they rapidly fashioned the huge ball of mixed yarn into a warm sock for the absent son. It was a beautiful family picture, and every face was the index of a happy heart.

The door opened without preface, and in walked a neighboring farmer. His dress was shabby, and, without taking off his slouched hat, he sank into the chair little Lewie placed for him by the fire. In answer to Mrs. Holmes's kind inquiry with regard to his family he answered they were "well enough. Poor people, you know, have n't time to be aillin'."

"It would be a comfort, indeed, if no one was ever sick except those who can afford the time," answered the lady.

"Just so I thought, *Miss Holmes*, when my wife gave out in the midst of hayin' and harvestin' last year. Had to take my youngest girl out of the mill to help her, and lost two dollars a week by it."

No expression of sympathy followed this remark, so the farmer continued:

"Then you have really sent your girl away to boardin' school again? I hope you may never see the day you'll regret it."

"I trust I shall not, Mr. Johns. The teacher was an early friend of my wife, and we have every confidence in her. We only pay two hundred a year, and I really wish you would send Sallie with her next session."

"No, thank ye. Money do n't grow on bushes over our way. Now, what do you pay for your boy off at academy this winter."

"Well, Edwin boards at his uncle's, you know. Altogether it will cost about fifty dollars for the five months."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars! Well I declare! And just money throwed away, it's my opinion. Come home so set up they can't speak to common folks, and so good-for-nothing lazy

they will never touch a hand to work again. You are always trying new-fangled notions, neighbor, but this 'takes the rag off the bush.' You'll find it a mighty poor speculation."

"Time will show," said Mr. Holmes pleasantly.

"Now just look here. There are my two boys chopping their cord of wood a day, which I take to town and sell. Then there's Sallie and Hattie in the factory, airnin' both together five dollars a week, and none of 'em of age yet, so I get it all. There's your Louisa doing nothing; might get her two dollars a week in the mill as well as not."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Johns," said Mrs. Holmes, "when you think Lewie does nothing. I should not know how to keep house without her."

"Besides, neighbor," said Mr. Holmes, "as I have often told you, I would work my fingers off and live on a meal a day before I would put one of my daughters in that mill to drudge for fourteen hours a day and be exposed to the evil influences which you know as well as I surround the girls there. Look at Caroline Hayes! As fair a name as any in the village a year ago. Now she is bringing the gray hairs of her father in shame and sorrow to the grave."

"Do you pretend to say that my daughters are in danger of becoming the like of her?" said Mr. Johns angrily.

"I said no such thing; but this I do say, the mind is never as pure again after it hears a single impure word. You can not touch charcoal and not soil your hands. Besides, Mr. Johns, see what pale, weakly little creatures come pouring out of that building when the seven o'clock bell rings. It makes my heart ache to see them. And then starting up so early, too, in the morning."

"Pshaw, neighbor, you know 'poor Richard' says,

'Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'"

"Dr. Franklin's maxims are not infallible, are they? At all events I think it a terrible wrong to a child's physical system to wake it up before it is through its natural, healthful sleep. Nature knows the time it should rise better than we can tell her."

"That's some of your book larnin', I'll bet, and I think it is precious foolishness."

"It is common sense, and a law of our nature which can not be disregarded without paying dear penalty in shape of disease and perhaps death. I think, Mr. Johns, that some of you connected with that mill should complain of the over hours they are obliged to work."

"Why, I know the law does not allow them fourteen hours, but you know the weavers all work by the yard, and they do n't care how long the time is. Sallie can make four dollars a week sometimes, while it would cut her off considerably if the time was shortened. It is only the children in the spinning-room it is hard on. They work by the week."

"Mr. Johns," said the kind-hearted mother warmly, "I do beg you will take little Hattie out of the mill for a time at least. She grows more feeble and hollow-eyed every day. I noticed when she was here in her leisure hour on Saturday how that bright spot burned on her cheek. It is a bad sign, a very bad sign, and she ought to rest. She longs to study, and is welcome to learn her lessons and recite them to me with Lewie if you wish. She is a very intelligent child, and her mind ought to be cultivated."

"I know she's a bright one, *Miss Holmes*, the brightest by half of all the children. But larnin' do n't do for poor folks. We must get our bread and butter, you know. Hattie'll feel better, come spring. She's a kind of a cold now."

"I sincerely hope she may, and that you will not have cause to regret your course too late to mend it."

"And you yours, neighbors," said the man, rising. "I must be jogging on home."

"Please wait one moment," said Mrs. Holmes, stepping into the store-room, and returning directly with a fine basket of pippins. "Please take these to your family if it is not too much trouble."

"And please give those to Hattie," said little Louise, slipping a paper of cakes into his brown hand.

"Thank you, *Miss Holmes*, it's quite a treat. We sold all our apples."

The far-reaching, grasping, rich man stepped out into the cold night and wended his way to his own cheerless home.

It was a sad contrast to the bright homestead of the Holmes family—that old, dilapidated house, that dreary kitchen with its dark cook-stove and only one tallow candle to light it, while the weary, toilsome mother sat beside it, mending for the twentieth time one of her boy's woolen jackets. Two clownish-looking boys were shelling a basket of corn to take to mill next day. The farmer sat down beside them and took up an ear to shell.

"Come, spring to, boys, when you get this basket done I want you to get another. Plenty of time to-night."

"We are too tired, father," said the younger. "I want my supper and then go to bed."

"Nonsense, to talk of being tired at your age. You do n't airn the salt in your porridge, neither of you. I'll warrent if you were with a parcel of boys, you would n't talk of being tired."

Just then the door opened and the girls came in; Sallie with a sour, frowning face, and little Hattie with a feeble, lagging step.

"Come, Hat, do hurry and not keep the door open all night, cold as it is, and the snow piled up a foot high. Put away my shawl and hood while you are putting up yours."

The child complied listlessly, and then sat down on a low, rough stool by the fire. A coarse supper of mush and milk was set before them, the mother looking sadly at her pale-faced child.

"I do n't want any supper, mother," she said feebly. "I get so tired of just mush every time; can't I have a piece of bread and butter?"

"No, you can't," said the father; "butter sells at twenty-five cents a pound, and we must not waste any more of it in our house. You do n't want to make a poor man of me, do you, Hattie?"

"No, father, only I'm so hungry."

"Well, there are some cakes and apples *Holmes's girl* sent you."

"O, how good in Lewie!" and the little girl's face suddenly glowed with pleasure. There was an uneasy feeling about the miser's heart as he watched her. But instead of softening it he was only rendered more hard and peevish.

Hattie came and sat on her mother's knee and warmed her feet by the stove.

"Do n't make a baby of her, wife," said the habitually-rough farmer.

Presently the two left the room together, and as soon as the door was closed the mother took her in her arms.

"Her wasted form seemed nothing,
The load was at her heart,"

and with a warm, close pressure she carried her up the narrow stairway. When she was prepared for bed, the mother sat down a minute by her side.

"Do you feel very tired to-night, darling?" she asked.

"Yes, dear mother, I am tired all the time nowadays; as tired when I get up as when I go to bed. And you are tired almost to death, dear mother. How I wish father would let me stay at home and help you! People do n't ever get tired in heaven, do they, mother?"

"No, darling, nor sick either," said the mother, her tears fast falling.

"I wish we were there, do n't you, mother?" said the little one with sudden animation.

"Do n't talk so, darling. We can't go till our time comes, not even if our heart breaks. Go to sleep now, Hattie love, and do n't talk about leaving your poor mother, precious one. She could not live without you."

A bustle down stairs told her the boys were coming to the loft for more corn; so giving a hasty good-night kiss, the mother returned to her drudgery, which was prolonged late into the night.

And as she sat there in that dreary room her heart wandered back to a pleasant cottage home, with its low-built eaves, where the swallows twittered and soft shadows lay—a home that had sheltered her early years, and in which she had given her hand to one youthful like herself, with the fond hope that a long life of happiness opened up before her. Then she thought of the blight which came over her heart when she found that *gold* was his idol, and that the lust grew with his years till he would have coined his own blood into the shining dross. And then her heart grew bitter as she thought of the meek sufferer, who might only a little longer cheer her desolate home. She remembered the soft prattle of the other little ones as they played about her feet, and she felt again the soft touch of their tiny hands. Now their natures were crushed and brutalized by the tyranny of one who should have trained their feet to walk in the pleasant ways of love; and this seemed the bitterest drop in her cup of wretchedness.

"God pity them both, and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of our youth recall!"

Yes, pity them both, for surely he needs it most—the poor, false-sighted wretch who has exchanged the pure gold of the heart's best affections for a little burning, glittering dross, which shall eat into his soul like a fire, and "whose rust shall be a swift witness against him."

Spring came at length, and the warm sunshine made glad the frozen earth. Edwin was home, fresh from his studies, and ready to go about the spring work with twice his former vigor. The garden was his especial charge, and very soon the black mold was shaped into regular beds and the little seeds sown, Lewie always standing by his side with the different papers in her hand, chatting away as happy as the red-breasts in the apple-tree over her head. The flower borders were not neglected, and here mother's taste and wishes were consulted from time to time. Lewie's bright eyes were the first to detect every tiny leaflet as it peered above the dark ground, and every new treasure was hailed with fresh delight. May-day brought Sophia to

them, and then the little home circle was complete.

Just as they were leaving the table one morning Ben Johns came hurrying in, looking much excited and alarmed.

"Mother wishes you would come down to our house, *Miss Holmes*," he said. "Hattie was took with a fit like when she was going to the mill, and two men had to bring her home. She looks dreadful white, and do n't know none of us."

The deepest anxiety rested on every face at this intelligence, and Mrs. Holmes was very soon ready to follow the lad.

She entered the dreary room, and stood beside the coarse, hard bed on which the faded blossom lay. It was, indeed, a sad, sad sight—that wan, white face, those sunken eyes with their deep fringes resting on the marble cheek, those close-set teeth and wasted hands lying powerless by her side.

The physician was bending over her, using the most powerful restoratives, and at length some indications of returning life were seen. The agonized mother seemed frozen into stone, while the father stood at the foot of the bed, and an occasional frightful contortion of fear passed over his hard face.

"Won't she be likely to come out of it pretty quick, doctor?" he asked with some agitation.

"I can hardly tell yet how it will terminate," he replied, glancing severely at the shivering man. "She may revive a little, but there is no hope of recovery. The only wonder is that *she* is still alive. I warned you of this, sir, but you did not heed me. *That mill has killed her.*"

The day wore wearily on, little Hattie lying just alive, though it seemed as if a single touch would be enough to stop forever the beatings of the little life-clock. At evening Mrs. Holmes went home, and Sophia took her place beside the bed of the frail sufferer, and with the mother watched through all the long night hours. Only once she opened her eyes and knew them both. Then a pleasant smile lighted her face, and she begged her mother to come and lie down beside her. She complied, and one little arm was wound about her neck, and a blue-veined hand nestled lovingly in her toil-worn palm.

"Now, if the dear Savior comes for me to-night he will take you with me, mamma," she said with a sweet smile wreathing her lips. But even while she spoke a quick spasm of pain contorted her brow and clinched the thin fingers. Again the close-set teeth and wildly-rolling eye told that those fearful convulsions were again upon her. For an hour they applied the former restoratives, and at last the exhausted child sank into a death-like slumber.

The gray twilight began to break above the long, low line of hills, and with its dawn came the sound of the factory bell. The accustomed sound caught the ear of the sleeper, and, starting wildly up, she exclaimed:

"It is the bell, sister, we shall be late!" then sank back fainting to her pillow. Another moment and her gentle spirit had flown from that dark room to a realm of glorious beauty.

The sister, brothers, and father came one by one to look at the little form as it lay straightened out upon the hard table, dressed in a pretty robe of white which Mrs. Holmes had brought, and then they went their ways, leaving the mother alone with her dead. Ben only came stealing back and stood at her feet, while his whole frame shook with a convulsive sobbing. It was the first touch of feeling she had seen in the boy for many a long day, and the mother's heart and arms opened wide in sympathy. He laid his head on her lap, and their tears mingled. And thus her heart was comforted even while she mourned.

The farmer went about his work, but it was with a heavy heart. It was death's first visit, and he started back aghast at the specter. He tried to comfort himself by looking over his bank stock, and reflecting that it was larger than any of his neighbors', but for some cause it did not cheer him as usual. He bustled about his farm, and calculated the gain of this field and that, but it was no better comforter than the bank stock.

"Death will come here again after awhile," he thought; "then whose will all these things be?"

He thought of his two undutiful boys and the daughter his life had made bitter by his avarice.

"Not one of 'em loves me a mite," he said. "Poor little Hattie used to some, I know."

Then the doctor's words—"That mill has killed her"—rang through his brain, and, sitting down on the river's brink, he bent his head upon his brown hard hands and wept. Then he saw how darkly the sullen, swollen stream flowed on, and a mad thought rushed through his brain to bury himself in its bosom, and drown forever the remorse that was gnawing his own.

"But then they would get it all," he thought; so he rose up and walked away.

In a shady nook of the village graveyard they laid her down to rest, with the sweet hope that the fair young spirit had entered on a glorious rest within the paradise of God.

"Therefore think not, ye that loved her,
Of the pallor hushed and dread,
Where the winds, like heavy mourners,
Cry about her lonesome bed,

But of white hands softly reaching,
As the shadow o'er her fell,
Downward from the golden bastion
Of the eternal citadel."

NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

FAST o'er my window panes
Thy tears and sobs are breaking, O, November!
Now loud and fearful strains
Ending in plaintive moans subdued and tender.
Out through the starless night
The grieving winds with wandering feet are straying;
Sad funeral requiems
In concert wild their shattered lyres are playing.

O, angel of decay,
With wearied, drooping wing, still thou art flying
To shroud sweet summer's couch
Where beauty laid her golden head when dying.

It was but yesterday
The breeze came laden with the breath of flowers,
And all the hills and vales
Rang with the joyous songs of sunny hours.

The zephyrs sighing sweet
Through the young foliage crept with soft caresses,
And the tall, grand old trees
Above us waved their bright green sheltering tresses.

Among their rich perfumes
The deep-voiced winds lay hushed to dream-like
sleeping,

That now like changeful friend
Leads forth the wrathful storms above them sweeping.

Yet June again will come,
All things to clothe with beautiful creation,
And earth, rejeweled, wear
A lovelier crown for this her desolation.

Not so the rifled heart;
One season only o'er hath it of roses,
The fragrant bloom of youth,
Where innocence in trust and hope reposes

So delicate and true,
Ill shadowings of looks and thoughts unspoken,
Alike with ruder blasts
Of scorn and hate may leave them pale and broken.

The autumn of the heart,
Ah, who may tell the struggles long and dreary
Its early flowers to save
Ere from the contest turning faint and weary,

If all unblest to feel
The bitter weeds of cold distrust upspringing,
And notes of sad complaint
Where melodies untaught were light and ringing!

Life's but a fitful year,
And joys go down behind the clouds of sorrow;
Yet to the last may gleam
Some wayside blossom for each coming morrow.

Patience and charity
May yield their goodly fruitage ripe and tender,
On which the soul may thrive
Amid the shadows of the heart's November.

"LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS."

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

NOT planted, but *sown*—sown *broadcast* over the length and breath of God's boundless creation—sown with an unsparing hand through the limitless dominion of God's providence—sown, not to remain inactive and lifeless beneath the clods of earthly darkness, but to spring up in every step of the Christian's way till his earthly portion is but a foretaste of the unclouded sunlight of heaven. Look out, desponding disciple, and see if you can not discover some of the light *springing up*, which the Lord your God hath sown for you—search diligently amid the clods of your sorrow, and see if the bright buds of gladness are not breaking through "for the upright in heart."

It *has been* sown, and it springs forth in the sunlight in the rays which enter not the closed windows of the natural heart; but light up the inner sanctuary of the renewed soul, and whisper of the Sun of righteousness that illumines the city of the blessed. It peeps forth in the starlight, breathing of Bethlehem—the morning star and the shining firmament of those who "lead many to righteousness." The spring brings it to proclaim the winter of the soul is past, the flowers of hope and the singing birds of joy and trust have come instead. The summer with ripening suns and storms, autumn with its golden fruits, and winter with its white robes are full of tender blades of the light our Father hath "sown for the righteous." You will find them spring up every-where, and they bring no sorrow with them.

But He is still sowing. The bright smile fades from the faces we love. The cold lips, the folded hands, and the still heart are laid in the dark grave—there is no gladness in the deserted home. But our God is sowing light; he has buried the brightest ray for a little season, that we might reap in fresher beauty a purer light that will never fade. Even now it springeth up, and by and by in our other home we may bind richer sheaves for the sad sowing of to-day.

Watch over them for the gladness that springeth for the upright in heart, and when the shadows lay dark across the pathway, remember that beneath them the light is being sown, that we may gather them in golden sheaves in the harvesting of heaven.

LIVING IN THE WORLD.

Living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it as always living out of it does for living in it.

FREE MORAL AGENCY.

BY MARIA KING.

THE doctrine of man's free moral agency is received and understood by the intelligent and Christian portion of the world much more generally at the present time than ever before. Arminianism has rapidly progressed since its clear exposition by Wesley till even Calvinism has largely yielded to its teachings. There are still, however, many obstacles to retard its progress. First, perhaps, among these, is the dislike which men have to acknowledging that they are individually responsible to God for the motives which have governed their lives. They would charge their sins to the force of circumstances, to the influence of others, to the natures with which they were created, and even to the Deity himself before they would confess that they and they alone are the guilty ones before God.

Calvinism exerts an extensive influence, and even when not embraced, lends its glass while many portions of the Scriptures are read. It is doubtful whether, in a careful perusal of God's revealed will, the entirely-unprejudiced mind would ever fail to recognize man's freedom to accept or refuse the offers of salvation, were it not interpreted as read, according to preconceived views or teachings.

This subject is not always as clearly treated from the pulpit as it should be. Our most approved text-books on intellectual and moral philosophy do not treat clearly or understandingly of the human will. Some authors have ignored the subject altogether, while others have treated it so vaguely that we should fail to recognize it as the great motive power in man, which enables him to comply with the relations with which he was created, whether perceived by the aid of reason, intuition, or consciousness. The ability to perceive and act in accordance with the design of his being constitutes the great difference between man and the brute creation, making the one a rational, the other an irrational being. Pope truly said,

"But binding nature fast in fate
Left free the human will."

The physical world only exists in subjection to established laws. Man's physical nature is subject to these laws, but his will is free, and he can choose either good or evil. God has created him a free moral agent, and can not deprive him of this freedom and leave him a responsible being without first changing the laws he observed in creating him.

God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe, is a free moral agent. We were made in his im-

age, which the apostle assures us is the image of "righteousness and true holiness;" therefore, our moral natures are in the likeness of his. The serpent, in beguiling Eve, said that if they ate of the forbidden fruit they should be "as gods, knowing good and evil." While we claim that God is a perfectly free being, we can not conceive of his sinning, for to his infinite purity and holiness there could be no temptation; and the apostle James says, "Let no man say when he is tempted that he is tempted of God, for God can not be tempted, neither tempteth he any man." God has made man in his own image, and placed before him two courses of action, with the inevitable results of each. If he chooses the right, he gives him grace to follow it; if the wrong, he constantly warns him of the disastrous consequences that will surely follow. It is often asked, "If God is omnipotent, why did he not make man so that he could not sin?" Surely the Creator of all the earth has a right to do as seemeth him best, and his creatures have no right to question him. All his works are to praise him, and he is "Lord over all." He is free, pure, spirit, and because he is he would not be satisfied with the worship of beings whom he had so created that they could only act in accordance with fixed laws. No earthly monarch, unless a tyrant, is satisfied merely with the homage of menials, of those who do not dare to do otherwise than obey his behests, but he requires the acknowledgment of his sovereignty by his peers, and their willing and ready allegiance and obedience. But while an earthly king might fear to allow his subjects the freedom to choose whether they would obey him or not, through the fear that they would not render to him the service he required, or that they might aspire even to his throne, God in his infinite power can have no such fear, and the worship that is rendered him is only well pleasing when received from those who, knowing both good and evil, have resisted the evil that they may do his will.

Man has not only all the light he needs to enable him to choose and follow the right, but every inducement that Divine love can offer. When by sin and transgression he had incurred the penalty of death, God in his infinite mercy gave his Son, that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He has also given the Holy Spirit to warn, to reprove, and instruct in the way of righteousness.

God never permits man to sin. If he sins, it is in direct opposition to God and to his revealed will concerning him. With this view of man's free will, there can remain no room to charge God with injustice in inflicting punishment for

disobedience to his commands and the rejection of his offers of mercy. That there will be rewards and punishment in the future we can not doubt. This state is one of probation, and we can learn something of its importance from God's having provided the ransom he has to save us from the terrible effects of sin. God will be no more omnipotent in the future than in the present. We suffer now the results of the violation of physical and, to some extent, of moral laws; but if the distribution of rewards and punishment were final on the earth, they would be very unequal; therefore we conclude that there is to be a future judgment, which we also have revealed to us.

God's omniscience does not affect our moral agency. He doubtless knew from the beginning all that would be, since nothing can exist without his power, but he gave us full freedom to choose good or evil. He will never force us to serve him. The only service he will accept must be given in spirit and in truth, for he only seeketh such to worship him as love him for himself.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

O, WOULD I were alone!
 For a dancing wind hath blown
 Throughout the shadowy forest of my soul,
 And all its dreams like trees
 Awake to harmonies
 That lightly, lightly roll—
 O, would we were alone,
 I and my happy soul!

Soft summer light hath shone,
 Like a sweet benison,
 Where chilling win'try shadows long have lain;
 I weary of the sound,
 Of the gossiping around,
 The laughter quick and vain.
 O, would we were alone,
 I and my luminous brain!

A sweet delight hath grown,
 Like a white flower blown
 When the lessening snow-hills shrink apart,
 Within the sacred clime
 Where I keep tryst with Time,
 Yet mock his feeble art.
 O, would we were alone,
 I and my charmed heart!

O, the dancing wind hath blown,
 And the summer light hath shone
 Through my soul's forest, shadowy and deep;
 And such a faery throng
 Awaits me that I long
 My sacred tryst to keep.
 O, would I were alone
 To muse, and smile, and weep!

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY REV. T. B. M'FALLS.

THERE is a sublime majesty in the teachings of the Bible which convinces us that it is emphatically *the book*. We can not read it aright without having our minds awed and impressed with its solemn truths. It makes us feel while studying it as if we were conversing with dignity in his secret chamber. It is a storehouse of knowledge for both the young and the aged. It is the safeguard of morals and the messenger of hope. It is the basis of faith and the chart of heaven. It triumphs over the flimsy and fanciful teachings of the various schools of philosophy. It discloses to man that he is mortal and yet immortal—a doctrine which can not be obliterated by the paltry attempts of infidels and atheists. It is the sure compass, ever pointing to the star of virtue, which no attraction can cause to deviate a hair's breadth from the proper course. It is the reflection, the counterpart of God's own mind and intentions toward man. It is a

"Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely."

And we can not get the full meaning—the whole import of Scripture by hasty glances; a verse is like the diamond, the more we rub it the brighter it becomes. We should, therefore, be very careful in reading Scripture, whether the Old Testament or the New, that we pass not over parts as though they might be unimportant. Neither should we always be content with the primary meaning and the obvious application. "Scripture has a hidden sense as well as an open, and to them who search for it with prayer, many a beautiful import is disclosed which would never be suspected by the careless or cursory observer. A verse is often like the nest on which the parent bird broods; when the parent bird is let go there are young birds within, each of which has only to be cherished and watched, and it will be 'covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold.'"

The most careless reader, however, can not help noticing the wonderful simplicity as well as beauty of style in all the inspired writings. There is no effort at display. The most important events of the world—events which affect the destiny of nations and the doom of individuals—are recorded with an exceedingly small number of words. The advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, considering its unutterable importance and the

circumstances attending it, is given by the evangelists in a style which defies imitation; it is a simple narrative of facts written in the plainest manner conceivable, without any effort to satisfy the curious or to elicit the commendations of the wise. This simplicity in Scripture is one of the internal proofs of its divine origin.

The advent of our Savior had long been expected. In him the hopes of the world were concentrated. Men knew and acknowledged that they could not overcome evil and do good without they were taught by the gods. The Jews looked for him as the person who should restore Israel to its former greatness and grandeur. The Gentiles expected him as the person who should throw light on their darkness and give them wholesome laws. Both the Jews and the Gentiles were in a wretched state at the time Christ made his appearance. Their feet had wandered out of the way of peace, their minds were harassed with doubts and fears. Here we see the poor Jewish mother hurrying to Gehenna and placing her darling babe in the outstretched and burning arms of Moloch, that she may gain peace of mind and appease the anger of her God; or there we see the Gentile mother throwing her offspring to the devouring alligator of the Ganges for the same purpose. They had got into a state of darkness; they were blind concerning the things of God and the things which belonged to their salvation. And they had become despairing inhabitants of the land of intellectual darkness—they had sat down in it like a traveler lost in an interminable forest after wandering about in search of some path that would lead out into the open country, wearied and hungry—sat down with his face buried in his hands and gave up to despair. Having wandered far from the light of revelation, they rejected the doctrine of the resurrection, and thus literally sat in the region and shadow of death. "Death stood between this region and the light of life, and, casting his shadow over the inhabitants, all were involved in a continued cloud of intellectual darkness, misery, and sin. The heavenly sun was continually eclipsed to them till the glorious time when Jesus Christ, the true light, shone forth in the beauty of holiness and truth."

Before the Creator uttered that grand fiat, "Let there be light," darkness was upon the face of the great deep; all matter was in a circumfused mass; no ray of light penetrated the gloomy darkness; and when there was light, it only presented the earth without form, and void; but when the sun was set in the firmament of heaven to give light to the earth, then earth brought forth the fruit tree, the grass, the herb, and the delicate flower, presenting the most

beautiful globe in the whole universe; even the angels were charmed with its magnificence, and the "morning stars sang together for joy." So before the coming of the Lord of glory, who is the great light in the moral firmament, there was light—philosophical light; but it only presented a world without form—a confused mass, void of all beauty and all good, and it was only when the Day-spring from on high visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, that the moral earth began to shoot forth the choicest plants and produce the richest fruits; then these sons of God shouted for joy, and made the heavenly arches ring with their loud anthems of praise.

The Scriptures generally set forth the birth of Christ under the figure of the rising sun. How beautiful is this figure! One morning we strolled out before the lark had arisen from her nest in the meadow, or even the beasts of the field had shaken the dew from their manes; all nature seemed to be locked up in sleep. While we were admiring silent nature, and meditating on God's sleeping creatures, there appeared in the east beams of soft, mellow light streaming up toward the zenith of the sky. The little birds in the bushes commenced chirping and shaking their wings as if making ready to fly out on the first bright ray of the sun. The smoke curling up from the chimneys of the neighboring farm-houses floated gracefully in little clouds over the lawn. Presently there appeared in the horizon a "little streak of insufferable brightness," which increased gradually to the full orb of day; then broke forth the whole orchestra of nature, and the throats of the feathered songsters quivered with music. The dew-drops hanging in little globules to the spars of grass sparkled and glittered with beauty. Earth seemed a heaven, and sin a fable.

So, also, there were little beams of light looming up from the darkness, announcing the coming of the Day-spring from on high, for of him did Moses and the prophets write. Isaiah wrote: "The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Malachi wrote: "Upon you shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." The forerunner, John the Baptist, was the bright morning star, which precedes and announces the rising sun. Christ admirably answers to this description. He is to us what the sun is to the material world—the *dispenser of light*. We have seen vegetables growing in caverns or cellars, pale and delicate, not beautiful, and without strength, creeping slowly toward a ray of light that penetrated a small crevice of

the dungeon, like beings in distress, stretching out their hands for assistance. Like those delicate and sickly things, before the Sun of righteousness appeared, mankind sought anxiously every little ray of light, feeling their way through the darkness, hoping to find some opening that would lead out into a world of light and of beauty.

Socrates, and Plato, and other philosophers had only faint glimmerings of light. They arrived at truth only through a long and wearisome process of induction; but Christ needed not reason to find out truth. Truth flashed from him as brilliancy from the diamond—truth emanated from him as light from the sun. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

Yet there are thousands in the Christian world who suppose that the light of nature is sufficient to lead us to right conceptions of God and religion, thereby rejecting Christ or imputing to God a work of supererogation in sending Christ into the world to enlighten mankind.

Is the light of nature sufficient? This is a question of fact, not of speculation, for the way to know what nature can do is to take nature alone and test its power. There was a time when men had little else than nature to go to, and that is the proper time to examine to see what mere unassisted nature can do in religion. Nay, there are still nations under the sun who are, as to religion, in a mere state of nature. Here, then, we may hope to see natural religion in its full perfection, for there is no want of natural reason nor any room to complain of prejudices and prepossessions; yet these nations are held in chains of darkness, and are given up to the blindest superstitions and idolatry. "Men wanted not reason before the coming of Christ, nor opportunity nor inclination to improve it. Arts and sciences had long before obtained their just perfection; the philosophy, oratory, and poesy of those ages are still the delight and entertainment of this. Religion was not the least part of their inquiry. They searched all the recesses of reason and nature, yet their religion was their reproach, and the service they paid to their gods was a dishonor to them and to themselves. And what reason have we to suppose if left again to reason and nature we would not run into the same errors and absurdities? Have we more reason than those who have gone before us? Wisdom, and prudence, and cunning are now what they formerly were; nor can this age show human nature in any one character exalted beyond the examples that antiquity has left us. Can we show greater instances of civil or political wisdom than are to be found in the governments of Greece and Rome? And to this day

there is no alteration for the better, except only in the countries where the Gospel has been preached. And what ground is there to imagine that reason can do more now, make greater discoveries of truth, or more entirely subdue the passions of men now than it did in those ages?" The light of nature is only like that of the moon and stars, highly beneficial to mankind; but when the light of Jesus Christ shines into a man's heart it breaks forth in radiance over his life and actions, and makes him a man, upright, holy, and wise.

He is the dispenser of heat. Cold and dreary winter visits our earth annually, but it is not because the sun does not possess the same intrinsic power then that it does in midsummer. The reason is, the earth is farther from the sun. In spiritual things Christians have their "lukewarm," their cold seasons, and the very same reason may be assigned—they are farther from Christ than they were in their warm, zealous hours. We have seen a gorge in the mountains completely filled by the drifting snow, and the cold rains and freezing nights had almost changed that pile of snow into one solid block of ice, and, knowing that there were only a few hours in the day when the sun could dart its warm rays into the cold and dreary hollow, we have wondered whether it could succeed in melting down that congealed mass before another winter added more snow to it and rendered it still harder to thaw; but the warm rays of the August sun caused it to run away in little streams to water and replenish the fields and meadows below. So we have gazed upon a poor wanderer from God, whose heart had become frozen and hard by sin and transgression, and, knowing that he was seldom in the way of Gospel impressions, we have wondered whether the Sun of righteousness could ever warm and subdue that cold and icy heart; but we have seen that the little beams of truth occasionally falling on that heart conveyed warmth, and gradually melted it down, and sent from it little streams of Christian love and charity in all directions.

He is the dispenser of life. All who are familiar with country life know that when the forest trees are cut down and the ground cleared off, seeds of grass, and flowers, and wild plants, which had been lying there dormant perhaps for centuries, immediately shoot forth into life when the vivifying heat of the sun falls upon them. Every man has the germ of spiritual life within him, but it is so shaded and darkened by bad passions and evil tempers, by sin and transgression, that it remains there in a dormant state till the quickening influence of the Sun of righteousness falls upon it, causing it to spring up

and grow like the majestic oak, whose germ had long slept under the shade of a miserable pine.

As we can not tell how the small grain when put in the earth receives life, shoots up, and produces the blade, then the ear and the full corn in the ear, neither can we explain the precise manner how a man receives spiritual life from Christ; yet that it is so can not be doubted for a moment by any who put the least confidence in testimony or in their own consciousness, any more than they can doubt the fact of seed growing and producing trees. There are tens of thousands who are willing to testify that they have received spiritual life by believing on Christ, and besides their testimony, their lives are living epistles, which may be read by all men. Their Christian deportment and chaste conversation prove the inner spiritual life just as certainly as fruit proves the existence of life in the tree. The life of Christians at the very outset is beautiful. The light of grace adorns all their actions. Their simplicity of mind and teachableness of spirit, their lowliness and humility, attract universal attention, while the fervor of their love excites admiration and esteem. "The very shades in their character serve as a contrast to the excellency of the change that has passed upon them." Such are beautified with salvation, their light having come, and the glory of the Lord having risen upon them.

No one can show these qualities in so eminent a sense without possessing spiritual life. That this is so can not be doubted by any one who puts the least confidence in his own consciousness, any more than he can doubt that it requires a pure fountain to send forth a pure stream.

He is the harbinger of joy. There is a terror in darkness from which human nature shrinks. This may be owing to our incapability of ascertaining the true nature and extent of the danger to which we may be exposed, or to the uncertainty of the means devised to protect us.

When the day has closed with mysterious presages that announce a coming tempest; when

"Along the woods, along the moorish fens
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;"

when the night closes in with terror, and the "whirling tempest raves along the plain;" when the "turbid stream boils, and wheels, and foams," and the livid lightnings flash continuously, presenting the fierceness of the storm, how anxiously do the affrighted ones look for the morning when the storm may be abated, and the sun cast cheerfulness and warmth over the drowned fields! Or, when the noble ship, which has crossed old ocean many times, and plowed through many

billows, and weathered many storms, bows and surrenders to the fiery element, with what intense anxiety do the poor, wrecked ones as they cling, tenacious of life, to the spars, look for the light of day when some passing vessel may send out the life-boat to "pick them up!" Or with what solicitude does the invalid, as he passes a sleepless night in pain and misery, long for the day, hoping that relief may come; his language is, "Would God it were morning!"

So, also, the soul in darkness, storm-tossed with doubts and fears, sick with sin, longs for the Day-spring from on high—anxiously looks for the appearance of Jesus. For as the sun produces cheerfulness and comfort, so, and much more so, does our glorious Sun of righteousness dispel sadness. It is said that when the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the statue of Memnon it gave forth melodious strains of harp-like music. And what heavenly, soul-thrilling music is not produced when the first beams of the Sun of righteousness fall upon the heart of man! We will find its parallel only in heaven, "through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the Day-spring from on high hath visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, Scotland, November 4, 1771. His parents were pious Moravians, whose love to God and their fellow-men, led them on a missionary tour to preach the Gospel to the slaves in the West Indies. But they both died soon after their arrival at their destination. When about six years of age our poet was placed at a Moravian school at Fulneck, England, where he was far from being distinguished for diligence in his studies. The grave fathers were sorely puzzled what to do with him, and little dreamed that he would ever become one of the most distinguished poets of his day. But he was not altogether idle. He was an inveterate rhymer, and his mind was filled with plans of poems that he hoped were to give *his* a place among

"The few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

Little did they imagine the bright day-dreams that visited the apparently-indolent boy.

At length they concluded that there was no use in keeping him at school any longer, and he was accordingly apprenticed to the keeper of a retail shop in Mirfield. But he had too

much ambition to be satisfied with such a situation. So on the morning of the 19th of June, 1789, he turned his back upon Mirfield without taking the trouble to let his master know where he was going. He was now, at the age of eighteen, abroad in the world, with his pack upon his back—a poet in search of a patron. In a day or two after leaving Mirfield he presented a copy of verses to a noble lord, who generously handed the bard a guinea. Surely he might have thought the golden days were about to return when poets were received into the houses of the nobility, and their wants supplied. But as he ran some risk of suffering for the comforts of life, he engaged in the prosaic work of selling goods to the inhabitants of Wath. But in about a year he became tired of this village, and went to London as a literary adventurer. Here he was received into the house of a bookseller by the name of Harrison, who treated him very kindly, but refused to publish his poetry. He now made up his mind to try prose, but, like many aspiring youths before and since his time, he was doomed to disappointment. He and those to whom he offered his prose productions differed slightly in regard to their merits.

In 1792 we find him at Sheffield. But his troubles were not yet ended. He soon became the proprietor and editor of the world-renowned Sheffield Iris. Those were troublous times, when it was dangerous for an editor to express his opinions, unless they were such as the government wished him to entertain. Montgomery was twice confined in York castle, the first time for three months on a charge of libel, the second time for six months on a charge of sedition. It required but little evidence to satisfy the juries before whom he was tried of his guilt, but the world has long since come to the conclusion that his imprisonments reflect more disgrace upon the British Government than upon him. After his release from his last confinement he continued to edit his paper till 1825, when it passed into other hands. In 1806 appeared *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, the first of his long poems. So greatly had he become discouraged that this work was three years passing through the press. It was favorably received by the public, and its author's claims as a poet generally acknowledged. But there was one critic who growled at the new candidate for fame. Jeffrey tried to convince the public that the book was unworthy the praises bestowed upon it. He turned prophet, and sagely predicted that in three years from the time his review was written nobody would know that *The Wanderer of Switzerland* had ever been published! The critic must have wielded a mighty sword indeed to have thus killed a poet

at one blow. It is to this circumstance that the following lines in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers refers:

"With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale!
Tho' fair they rose and might have bloomed at last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast.
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails;
O'er his last works let classic Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!"

If the poet was killed, or, rather, his works, they came to life again. Every school-boy knows how completely the critic's prediction has been fulfilled. The remainder of our subject's life was characterized by successful authorship. The *West Indies* was published in 1810, *The World Before the Flood* in 1813, *Greenland* in 1819, and *Pelican Islands*, the last of his long poems, in 1827. From that time he contented himself with writing short pieces. He died, full of years and full of honors, in the year 1854, at the age of eighty-three.

While a boy at Fulneck, Montgomery became the subject of converting grace. But after leaving school he turned back again to the world, but never so far shook off the influence of his pious parents and teachers as to become vicious in his life. He was again aroused to a consideration of his spiritual condition when a tendency to despondency, similar to that which cast so dark a pall over the life of Cowper, kept him for a time from that enjoyment in the service of God which he might otherwise have possessed. At last peace dawned upon his mind, and his last years were cheered by the consolations of religion. Even during much of the period of his despondency religion exerted a controlling influence over his conduct. For the greater part of his life he was earnestly engaged in the promotion of the glory of God and the welfare of his race. He is emphatically a Christian poet. While Byron seems to have written for the purpose of corrupting his readers, while Moore dresses vice in the garb of an angel, while Wordsworth ignores the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, while Scott and Southey seem to have no higher aim than the entertainment of their readers, Montgomery aimed to charm his into a love of piety. There is not a single line in his works that tends to leave a stain upon the minds of his readers. The encomium that Lord Lyttleton passes upon Thomson, that he wrote

"No line which, dying, he would wish to blot,"

is fully applicable to Montgomery. But he is not satisfied with mere morality. He sings

with an inspiration gained at the foot of the cross, and as if he felt that his business on earth was to lure men to heaven.

The powers thus devoted to the service of God and humanity are not small. The world has long since acknowledged that the bard of Sheffield is justly entitled to a place among the first poets of his age. His long poems are none of them destitute of many passages of great beauty, but they are all wanting in unity and dramatic force. It is in his short pieces that he is most successful, and upon these his future fame will principally depend. Many of them are among the most beautiful productions of the British muse. No person of taste can read *The Common Lot*, *Hannah*, *The Harp of Sorrow*, or *Ode to the British Volunteers* without acknowledging that their author was a true poet. His hymns are an invaluable treasure to the Christian world, and bid fair to be sung in the assemblies of God's people as long as the language in which they are written is used. Our author as a writer of sacred songs is inferior only to Wesley and Watts, yet it is in this species of verse that he most excels.

UNKIND WORDS REMEMBERED

BY M. E. WILCOX.

TIR'D with the day's incessant exercise,
I think to rest in slumber soft and deep,
But sad Remorse, with her reproachful eyes,
Stands by my bed and will not let me sleep.

O, sorrowful avenger, let me rest!
What have I done that thou shouldst haunt me so?
There is no hidden perjury on my breast—
My hands from crime's red stain are white as snow.

Surely a hasty word may be forgiven;
O, let me have a little peace! go hence!
Seek those whose great transgressions cry to heaven,
Whose hands are red with deeds of violence.

I did not think the words were so unkind,
'T was in a bitter moment they were said;
Alas! the day was brief and I was blind,
And they whose hearts I wounded so are dead!

Too late to make atonement; voice or sign
From their sealed lips will never more be heard;
No long forbearance, no kind deed of mine
Can ever expiate that bitter word.

They sleep in dust, and I have given them pain;
O, lenient Savior! help me from this day
Never to speak in bitterness again—
To treat the living gently while I may!

In thy dear love I trust to be forgiven,
My Savior; yet if they could only know,
O, tell them, tell them if they are in heaven,
How much I grieve for having spoken so!

ALL WE 'VE GOT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

"O DEAR! O, dear! I'm going!" cried Ellen Peat.

It was a Wednesday afternoon late in October, and she had wandered off into the woods with a small company of class-mates to gather wild flowers and wintergreen berries, and at last one of the party had proposed ascending Pine Mountain, along whose sharp ledges the golden-rod hung its yellow banners with every autumn.

So the girls had found their way up the long rambling path, which tangled itself among chest nut, and oak, and birch-trees, to the summit of the old mountain, where the soft October wind rose and fell among the pines in long, slow moans, whose sound threw a momentary shadow over the hilarious mirth of the party.

At last they separated to gather mosses and wild flowers, and Ellen Peat crept with one of her companions to the ledge of the rock to gather some mosses, which heaped their beryl cushions around the roots of the pines.

The girl did not perceive that she was venturing on dangerous ground, for the edges of the precipice had been worn with storms, though the grass grew fair and thick along them; but there were many places where the earth would yield under a slight pressure, and at the foot of the mountain, a hundred feet beneath, lay a deep, rapid torrent, which only a strong swimmer could breast. And to one of these aforesaid dangerous places crept Ellen Peat in her thoughtless search for flowers and mosses. It was not strange that the child had no suspicion of her danger, because the grass and mosses were thick on the shelf of sand that jutted over into the river, but the thin rind of earth could not sustain her weight; it gave way, however, so slowly that she might have escaped had she not grown dizzy with the first frightened glance beneath her. Her companions were startled by a grating, tearing sound; then the wild cry of Ellen Peat as she went over the precipice ran among the old wood echoes in shivering terror and agony which fairly curdled the blood of those who heard it.

But a few feet from the summit of the mountain an oak had taken root, and the frightened child caught at the boughs in her fall. The young tree swayed to and fro with her weight, the slender branch creaked under her grasp, and there she hung over that boiling torrent which roared hungrily nearly a hundred feet below for the young life it waited to swallow up with its lips of foam.

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There hung Ellen Peat, her trembling, pallid school-mates clustered together, and gazing on her with eyes fascinated with terror; there hung Ellen Peat, shriek after shriek for the dear life that hung on so slender a thread bursting from her lips, and filling the forest echoes with shudders; there hung Ellen Peat, with none to help or to save but God.

And God sent her help. That very afternoon Harry Peat had gone down to the river to catch pickerel, and as he took off the hook from his line and glanced exultantly at the pile of fish in his basket, that wild cry of terror running along the echoes reached his ear; he dropped his line, and his heart stood still for dread as he listened, and shriek after shriek filled the sweet, solemn afternoon with terror.

Harry Peat was a brave, generous boy, and he knew that voice was the voice of a child in mortal dread; and he sprang up and hurried along the bank of the river as the sound led him, till, turning a sharp corner of the rock, he looked up and his eyes beheld Ellen Peat where she hung clinging to the oak.

For a moment the boy turned sick and faint at the sight—the rock and the girl reeled before him—the next a sharp, ringing voice full of hope and courage broke among the shrieks:

"Hold on tight, Ellen, I'll try and save you!"

Harry Peat possessed unusual suppleness and agility of limb, and though the mountain was steep and high, it did not baffle him. Up, up he climbed, the great drops of perspiration gathering and rolling in streams down his face, the veins knotting themselves into blue cords on his brow, yet he kept on, and his cousin held with a fainter grasp on the tree, and the branch creaked louder and louder—O, the arm that should save Ellen Peat must be strong and rapid now!

It was a boy's arm, but a brave one that was reached out, for Harry Peat had gained the nearest foothold to the tree, and that was a most unsafe one, for the recent rains had washed the sides of the rock, and the boy as well as the girl was in imminent peril. But Harry Peat braced himself firmly as he could against the rock, then he reached out his arm to his cousin.

"Let go, and take hold of me tight, Ellen!"

It was her last chance; the branch was breaking, and the child caught her cousin's hand.

"Now, take the other; do n't be frightened, I'll hold you."

Ellen Peat grasped her cousin's hand just as the branch broke and fell sullenly into the waters below. The boy's form shook to and fro under her weight; but he kept his footing, and drew his cousin close to him.

It was a difficult but short task to climb with

his burden to the top of the mountain. He fairly flung her on the grass, for his own strength was giving way; but when her frightened school-mates gathered with tears, and sobs, and shrieks of joy about her, she did not open her eyes; she did not hear them; that terrible crisis of agony had been too much for her—the child had fainted.

The day was dropping toward the night, and farmer Peat was slowly wending his way homeward, touching his patient oxen occasionally with his long whip, and internally congratulating himself on the good bargain he had driven that day with his wheat at the mills.

He had just reached the old turnpike when a couple of his neighbors' children, class-mates of his daughter, came suddenly upon him.

"O, Mr. Peat!" cried the breathless children, "you do n't know what's happened to Ellen!"

The man stopped, and his brown face grew white with sudden fear.

"What is the matter with my child?" he said in a voice which told better than any words that all the father was alive and stirred in his heart.

"She lies up there on Pine Mountain. We can't bring her to. She fell off—O, Mr. Peat!" and here both the children broke down into sobs.

The farmer threw down his whip; the patient cattle stood still in the road. The rock was two miles off, but the man was not long in reaching the summit.

His daughter lay on the grass with her frightened schoolmates about her, and her head rested on the knee of the solitary boy among them, who was chafing her temples.

"What has happened to my daughter?" asked the father as he took up that unconscious figure most tenderly in his arms.

The boy was silent, but all the girls answered him, and in a few moments he had learned the whole story.

Nathan Peat looked over the precipice on that young sapling and down on the torrent that roared beneath, and only looking there could he realize how marvelous had been the escape of his child. Shudder after shudder went over his stout frame, and his ashy face worked like a child's. At last he turned to the boy, who sat white and exhausted on the ground.

"You have saved the life of my child—God bless you!" His voice was hoarse and broken.

"Thank you, sir; I am glad I was in time."

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Harry Peat, sir."

The man staggered back a little. It could not be those stout limbs failed under the light frame of that senseless girl on his breast.

"And your father's name?"

"Jared Peat, sir."

It was the name of his brother.

"Wall, what is it, daughter!" and Nathan Peat leaned tenderly over the bed on which his little girl had lain helpless for more than two weeks, prostrated by a nervous fever, which had followed the terror and excitement of her fall over the rock.

Ellen Peat lifted the bright eyes set in that pale face to her father's, and her fingers moved restlessly over the counterpane, for she was in the early stages of a long and wearisome convalescence.

"I'm so tired, father, of lying here and watching the sunshine creep along the paper, and counting the stripes of white and blue, and then all that time comes back to me again, and I seem to feel the ground giving way, and I grow dizzy, and I go over the rock and cling to the tree, and the branch is creaking, and creaking, and the water is roaring underneath. O, father!" and the child shook and shuddered convulsively, and buried her face in the pillow.

"Come now, father's little girl must n't give way to such thoughts," and Nathan Peat's hard hand was laid softly on that bright hair. "What can he do for her to drive them all away?"

"Mamma always tells me some pretty story of the time when she was a little girl. She promised to to-day before she heard that aunt Ellen was so sick. O, papa, you never told me a story of the time when you was a little boy!"

"Wall, there was n't much to tell," answered the parent a little concisely and uneasily.

"But I'm sure there must have been a good deal," continued the girl with the persistence and peremptoriness of illness; "and I want to hear something about it."

"Wall, what do you want to hear?"

"O, about grandpa and grandma, who died so long ago, and about any body else who was there."

"There was n't many on us."

"I know, but you had one brother; and no matter what he has done now, you must have loved him when both of you were little boys together."

"Tis n't best to talk about things that are past," answered Nathan Peat, wincing a good deal.

"But I want to now, father." Ellen would scarcely have ventured on this ground had she been well, but she knew her sickness would indemnify her for any degree of boldness. "Since I've laid here with nothing else to do I've thought a great deal about it."

"It's al'ays the way, daughter, when one's sick."

"But, father, I could n't help thinking that if little Johnnie had lived and grown up, and we had had some terrible quarrel and never spoken to each other again, that I should have remembered the old times when we were little children, and loved each other and played together. Do n't you ever think of those times, father?"

"Not often, child; 't an't no use." But the muscles of that hard face worked a moment as though with sudden pain.

"But I want to *know* something about you and him, father. Was you older than he?"

"Yes, three years."

"Just as I was three years older than Johnnie. And I s'pose that you used to have great times together; that you went nutting, and fishing, and climbing trees in the summer, and skating in the winter, and did all those wonderful things that boys do and girls can't."

"I s'pose we did, Ellen," and the gray eyes under those iron-gray eyebrows looked with a half-sad, half-pitying gaze on the pale young face on the pillow.

"Dear me, how strange it must all seem to you now! And, father, there was grandma; I've heard you speak of her sometimes. She was a good woman, a *very* good woman!"

"Almost the best woman in the world."

This time the words came out earnest and emphatic, as though the man said them with his heart as well as his lips.

"And she used to love you both alike, I s'pose, and teach you to say your prayers and hymns, and tell you nice stories, and tuck you up warm in bed on cold nights, and do all the things that good mothers do to their children."

"Yes, Ellen, do n't talk about it."

And this time the voice of Nathan Peat took on an entreaty that was almost like agony.

"Only just a minute more, father. It seems to me that if she had known when she looked at her two dear little boys that she must have been so fond and proud of, as all good mothers are, if she had known there would come a day when neither would so much as hear the name of the other spoken, it would have broken her heart."

Nathan Peat heaved a sigh that was almost like a groan.

"Likely enough it would," he muttered, "but then—"

"If she was alive now, father, she would love me and Harry too, I know; and then he has saved my life, and that was a great deal, for if it were not for Harry Peat I should be lying this

day away down at the bottom of the river, and, as mother says, 'I'm all you've got,' father."

"I'll never forget that deed of him, if he is Jared Peat's child," burst from the lips of the farmer, but his voice was hoarse as he bent down and kissed his daughter for the first time since she lay a smiling babe in his arms.

Just then there was a sharp, quick summons from the great brass knocker on the front door.

"It's the doctor, child," said the farmer, for he and Ellen had been so absorbed in their conversation that they had not heard the sound of his chaise wheels as they drew up before the front gate.

Three days had passed. Strange days had they been to Nathan Peat, for a great change had been going on in the heart of that hard, silent man. The years of his boyhood had risen up and stood before him with all their burdens of sweet old home memories; the soft sound of his mother's voice had been in his ear, her gentle, loving face in his thoughts, the glad laughter of his boy brother had sometimes seemed to gurggle in the air about him, the old places and the old scenes had called at his heart, and sung the sweet tunes of his boyhood in his soul; but Nathan Peat did not dream in that time of softening and healing that it was the Lord working in him to do of his own good will and pleasure.

Jared Peat, his wife and son, and his hired men had just seated themselves at the supper table in the wide, old kitchen, when there was a hasty knock at the door, and the next moment, to the unutterable amazement of the family, Nathan Peat walked into the room. He cleared his throat twice before he turned to his brother, who sat, white with many conflicting emotions, at the table.

"Jared," he said, "it's a good many years since you and I have spoken to each other, and I'm free to own now it's tough for me to break the ice. But bein' as I'm the oldest, and as it's your child that's saved the life of mine, when she's all we've got this side o' heaven, I made up my mind to do my part; and I'm here to say to-night, that the old times when we were boys together, and played under the chestnuts, and worked in the field, have come around me of late, and I can't put 'em off. Our mother's come, too, and I've seen her face and heard her voice, as nat'ral as life, and it seemed as though it was doin' a wrong to the memory of as good a woman as the sun ever shone on, to have her children doin' as they have done; and so settle your own terms about the property, I'll make it right; only for the sake of our dear mother, and our living children, let by-gones be by-gones, Jared."

The speaker reached out his hand. The face of his brother had flushed and paled with many changes during this speech, but at the sight of that outstretched hand he rose up and grasped it warmly. "Nathan, it shall be as you have said; for the sake of our dead mother, and our living children, let by-gones be by-gones."

O, there was great rejoicing in the households of both the brothers that night, for the reconciliation was thorough, complete. Neither jar nor distrust afterward disturbed their lives. Harry came to see, every day, the cousin whose life he had saved. They two were like brother and sister ever afterward, and when the boy grew into his strong, brave manhood, and the girl blossomed into her sweet womanhood, the brothers, whose hairs gathered frosts as the years went over them, would meet together and talk over the past, and then each would dwell with fatherly pride and tenderness on "All we've got."

THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE

BY REV. B. F. CRAWY, D. D.

(CONCLUDED.)

AMONG the most affecting memorials of filial affection recorded in the annals of time, is the story of Æneas bearing the aged Anchises on his shoulders from burning Troy. Leading his little son by the hand, his wife following in his track, his aged father and household gods his precious burden, the hero presses through the ruined city, his former happy home. What student will ever forget the lost Creusa, and the anguish of the noble Æneas as he returned over that perilous path, through fire and smoke, and crowds of foes, calling the absent loved one in vain? Who that has ever read the sweetest of ancient poets, will cease to remember and admire this touching picture? But Creusa's shade consoled the warrior then, and assured him of her freedom and happiness. He also met the manes of Anchises after death, in the regions of shade. How much the ancient poets and philosophers dwelt with spirits, no one can have any conception who has not paid special attention to this subject. Our practical age has banished these dwellers from the earth, and our intense love of money has made it dangerous for so great a wonder as a real ghost to appear, lest some Barnum should propose to it to show for the season. We must not forget our path and our destiny. We are here in the bloom of youth and pride of strength; but after a few more days of toil or suffering the impartial courier of the world to come may be commissioned to summon us to the throne of final justice. Horace has most

beautifully embodied the experiences of mankind when he says, "Pale death treads with equal pace the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the great." But how little do we heed this plain lesson! How carelessly turn aside from the soberest convictions of reason! All our life long we are deceived by things unreal, by the merest shams; while we laugh at those philosophers who wisely tell us "that cobwebs are not cloth." We have all failed to make mantles of the flimsy tissue, yet we try again the same absurd experiment, and our very hope in the bliss of heaven is often only a spider's web. He who has been blessed by the training of a pious mother, need not be told how her presence is a power during life, and though now dead, her bright example, tender love, and kind words are perpetual incentives to virtuous deeds. Our steps are often guided by angel recollections, if not by angel hands. Standing on a narrow neck of land, between two eternities, we would not lose the friendships of childhood, and would recall the hallowed images of father and mother, more potent far than amulets or rosaries. They may have been long with the angels, and yet time has not obliterated from memory their venerated forms. He who has in early childhood been caressed by grandparents can never forget them, and from the shadows which obscure eternity past brings them back as in the dim distance they were wont to appear. Our grandpa was a cheerful, happy old man, and entered into the sports of children with great zest. A boisterous mob of cousins used to make a concerted attack upon the brave old hero, all shouting, laughing, and striking with great earnestness. The mimic fray ended in a pyramid of noisy boys piled up in the most disorderly fashion, with the old house-dog for a pinnacle. We screamed through all the notes of the gamut, and kicked, and rolled, and twisted, while old Tray vigorously barked a grand accompaniment, all of which seemed music to our beloved grandpa, for his face was radiant with joy. By and by it was told us that grandpa was dead, and then we walked softly around the room where he used to sit, and gazed inquiringly and sadly at his old arm-chair. Our grandma, too, fitting companion of the playful sire, was a real individual, and not simply a common noun, or an adjective qualifying grandfather. She sat in the ample corner of the old-fashioned fireplace, queen of order and of work, incessantly knitting of evenings, forever busy by day. Her neat cap and ample frill set off her rotund face, and made it like another sun, as it was, shining on all around. Blankets, coverlets, clothes, all her own work, were arranged in neat piles around the room, till we wondered what on earth she

would do with them; how she scolded us for various youthful inventions highly entertaining and important to us, but detrimental to good order generally; how she lost her long forbearance once or twice, and warmed our ears in a summary way, and many other things of like interest we prefer to remember. We were little plagues then, making as much noise and fun as we possibly could, and tormenting fidgety people to desperation; but that dear old man loved us with exhaustless patience; and that industrious, pious, excellent grandma never could do too much for us. Tombs have opened to receive them, and a hundred others we loved. Where are our dear, gentle sisters, our noble, liberal brothers, our pious, loving aunts, our cousins, and many, very many friends, schoolmates, playmates? Death has made sad havoc among them, and their graves are made in many lonely dells. No sadness, without guilt, can equal that of utter loneliness; no joy can equal that of unbroken communion with the pure and the lovely in the light of one common Lord. We send out imagination beyond the limits of Death's empire, and before wandering far a sweet assurance that our friends are all rescued from the dominion of the remorseless monster, is borne to us through the rifted veil, and Faith whispers, "They are there." "Absent from the body and present with the Lord," is what we mean and all we mean. When the still night draws its curtains around our wearied frames, we often muse in the moments between waking and sleeping, and then loved ones return to us, and sometimes kiss us, anxious to grasp them; but our arms are thrown around shadows, and all we have is the image—the *voicé*. Joan of Arc had her voices, the unseen leaders of the warrior girl. Who have not voices? Yes, voices stealing down through the starlight, plaintive and sweet, floating but a moment around them, hovering but a moment above them, like the dove over our little ones? Whence come these voices, from within us, or from ethereal abodes?

Let cold, unfeeling men curl their lips in scorn; we care not to answer their sneers; but we know some of the mysteries of human nature. We have gone through its temples, palaces, huts, and tombs; we have visited its inner recesses, and we know that all philosophy is false which robs man of immortality, or of the pure joys of social life, to be perfected in a better world. But we are asked directly, Do you believe that spiritual visitants come to us from another world? We answer, whether they do or not, men everywhere believe that they do. Ancient and modern, civilized and savage, educated or uneducated, Christian or infidel, men believe, despite themselves, in spirits, and in spirits capable of sensible or in-

telligible manifestation. Men may look very wisely and talk very foolishly; but they are, after all, human, and being so, they believe in invisible powers and human accountability. But suppose we are all mistaken, and that there is neither angel nor spirit, we then affirm that our belief in this universal lie is a most powerful agent in affecting our conduct and destiny. We do not think that superstition is the basis of this faith in spiritual friends; the belief is antecedent to all systems of religion, and the desire for such association is a *natural* longing. One safe principle of philosophic investigation into our own cravings is, that nature never gives a longing after any object without furnishing somewhere the object itself. Whence came the idea of invisible agents? Whence arose the desire for communion with spirits? Did not Nature herself teach her children this beautiful lesson, and shall we charge her with falsehood and folly? Better be it far that God be true and every man a liar. Virtue is strengthened by this contact and recognition of spiritual agencies. Woe be to the foolish girl or vain young man who banishes from his mind a mother's love and a father's warnings! That young man's steps take hold on hell when he can trip lightly over his mother's grave, or speak her name irreverently. Virtue is well-nigh extinguished in the heart of the giddy girl who laughs at the sober counsels of maternal solicitude, or forgets the undying love of her departed mother. Young readers, recognize the power of the invisible—the invisible God—and his ministers of judgment and of mercy. If there are angels, make them your friends; if there are devils, shun them. If your friends, who have passed over the flood, may come back and bring you messages, hearken to them. If even Imagination ventures alone beyond the peopled earth, to realms of light and beauty, and there depicts forms all divine and glorious, let her go forth occasionally, and your heart will strangely melt under the *power of the invisible*. Earth is beautiful; its flowers, and streams, and dells, and grots; its shining metals and precious stones; its birds and beasts are all beautiful and interesting. It would be good enough for heaven if it were not for its sin. O, its sin is terrible; it challenges God's direct curse, it devastates its own fair bosom, and makes it a place of disorder, pain, and death. Heavenly messengers, help us!

"Gather you, gather you, angels of God;
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth:
Come, for the earth is grown coward and old;
Come down and renew us her youth!
Freedom, Self-Sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field—stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand."

We can scarcely credit the evidence of our senses, and the soberest deductions of our reasons, in affirming that spirits do not manifestly and palpably mingle in the fearful fray of this mortal state. So overwhelming is the conviction that God is on the side of virtue, and that the disembodied pious sympathize with the toiling sons of God on earth, that we can scarcely separate them from the contest. Homer arrayed heroes and gods on the ensanguined fields of Troy, and made the popular belief active in the strife and din of war. Shall popular sympathies and universal faith be shriveled now by the cold and calculating philosophy of the times? Shall battle-fields, "where more than blood is spilt," be deserted of heaven, and the red current of war flow only at the bidding of human genius and human malignity, contending for mere love of death, or honor? Shall violence, and treason, and malignity run riot in national congresses and senates, and fell piracy traverse all seas for human prey? Shall justice be driven from the courts, and honesty from politics? Shall the sanctity of the domestic hearth be invaded, and bloody revenge usurp the place of law? Shall all this be done and God send no witnesses; all this, and Heaven devise no relief, and take no note? It is impossible! God reigns and administers law, and our national records bear the impress of his sign-manual, and the inevitable retributions of justice point to monumental graves, and vacant chairs in high places. No recondite dissertation on hidden forces, or undeveloped agents, can expel the conviction of intelligible interference with the affairs of this world, by a higher power. The dreams of men will scarcely become law against the prevailing consciousness of near relationship to unseen beings. The ratio of invisible power will not be as the quantity of credence in it; but it is measured as God wills, as we are indissolubly bound by a thousand cords, to the inhabitants of another world. This is a great practical truth, and we might as well make the best of it, by studying our relations and fixing our bearings. We shall soon be drifting toward inevitable death, rapidly as the tempest sweeps the ocean, and no theories will be of any avail but the right one. No hope will cast light on the billows but that which has its center above the home of storms. No pilot can guide our bark then but the unseen Son of Mary; no friends can go with us to the distant shore except those who come to sing our welcome. But I hesitate—my pen moves mournfully along the unstained path before it, as I remember the possibility of a wreck after all we have done, and said, and believed. MAKE THE SHORE, DEAR FRIENDS, AND MAY GOD HELP YOU!

LANGUAGE FOR LADIES.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

IT is reported of Milton, that on being asked why he did not permit his daughter to study languages, he replied, "One tongue is enough for a woman." Much as we admire the sublimity of the noble English bard, we are disposed to give him little credit on this point as a logician. It has long been conceded, that whatever develops the mind of man develops the mind of woman.

Some appear to think that the mind is a grand receptacle, in which we are to store as many facts as possible, and this process they call education. But we prefer the primitive Latin definition: *leading out, drawing out*, enlarging the capacity of the mind. Storing the mind with facts is simply cultivating the memory—educating one of the mental powers, while the judgment, the higher reasoning power is undeveloped.

We have sometimes admired the facility with which a graduating class of young ladies could repeat whole pages of mental and moral philosophy, and demonstrate geometrical theorems in the precise language of the book; but careful observation has led to the discovery that in many instances the pupil really knew very little about the lesson. The great effort had been made to learn the words, while very little thought had been given to their meaning. The memory had been systematically trained, while the understanding, reason, and judgment had been less frequently called into action. This great truth should be impressed upon the mind of every learner: the mind, like the muscles, increases by action and becomes enfeebled by inaction. The object of study is, in part, to acquire facts; but chiefly to make the mind grow—to increase the intellectual capacity—to strengthen all the mental faculties.

The study of languages has long had the sanction of all enlightened nations, as a most effective disciplinary agent. We will go one step further. The study of languages has long been considered the most effective discipline of the mind. We do not say the only discipline, but the first—the highest in point of excellence. Look around upon the scholars of our own age and inquire if they are not all versed in linguistic lore. Recall from ages past those names now highest on the scroll of intellectual fame. Had they not all the gift of tongues? A man may become a great scholar, and read only his native language, but his case will be very rare. A man may be deservedly eminent in one particular branch of science, and yet not merit the title of a great scholar. Many have so excelled in mathematics,

in philosophy, in chemistry, in geology, and astronomy. But we are not considering the peculiar bias of men of genius. We are simply inquiring how we may most perfectly develop the common mind.

The experience of many generations attest the utility of classic study, and yet in this age of innovation, in our own country at least, the feeling is very prevalent—gaining ground, we fear—that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is of very little use—an optional adjunct, but not an essential of a good education. Consider the curriculum of our colleges and universities, especially of those which have sprung up during the last twenty years. We blush to compare them with the literary institutions of Europe. Forty years ago Virgil was sometimes read in the common district schools of New England. A few days ago we examined the catalogue of a certain male and female college, with particular reference to the classic course. The requisitions were as follows: Freshman year, Latin and Greek Readers; Sophomore year, Caesar and Virgil; Junior year, Xenophon's *Anabasis*. And that was all—less than should be required to enable the student to gain admittance to college. Truly we have little reason to be vain of our literary titles so easily procured!

But the question is asked, "What is the use of studying dead languages? We can never use them in conversation. We can read English translations of the best Greek and Latin authors."

Their use is manifold. If you read classic authors extensively, you will learn many things worth remembering; you will learn a few great moral truths; a few axioms of incalculable value; but most of all *you will learn to think*. You can not translate a page of Greek or Latin without calling into action your reason, your judgment, your understanding. You must compare, consider, reflect. You must often choose from three or four definitions, and herein you may exercise your taste and judgment. You must learn to discriminate between English words which appear to be nearly synonymous, in order to preserve the nicety of distinction of the original. You will improve your taste for terse, vigorous, symmetrical language. You will find, too, beauty and softness without verbiage; musical harmony without rapidity. You will discover beauty in thought-clothing. You will improve your facility in conversation. You will be obliged to bring your memory into frequent exercise, and in consequence this faculty will increase. We do not urge the study of languages as a substitute for mathematics or the sciences. But we claim for it equal rank with them. We claim that this

study is of practical benefit; we claim that it is an essential part of education. Whatever develops the mind of man develops the mind of woman. And yet parents, who really desire to give their daughters a thorough education, often delude themselves with the fancy that Greek and Latin are of no benefit to girls. True, they may not need them as preparatives for the study of law, medicine, or theology; yet they will need them in their common English reading. If they do not save the expense of a dictionary, they will often preclude the necessity of turning to one when a new word meets the eye. The English language is a marvelous mixture, and the more we learn of foreign languages, the more we learn of our own. The young lady will find abundant use for her Greek and Latin in the study of botany, astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, geometry, and geology. And here we deduce an argument, not only for classic study, but for its early commencement.

We must again pause to examine another objection of the parent: "I do not wish my daughters to study languages unless they can use them in conversation; because they are so easily forgotten." Not more easily, we apprehend, than the sciences, or the higher mathematics. The young lady forgets her rules in algebra, her demonstrations in geometry, her principles in chemistry and philosophy; forgets, in fact, a great part of all she has learned, except her music. And why? Because the latter is daily practiced, while the former things are neglected. But shall we argue thence the higher English useless? By no means. She may not be able to give you the minute details, as she could on her graduation-day, but the grand outline is still before her. Her mind is larger—her scope of thought more extended. She can take a higher stand for good or evil than if she had never pursued these studies. We have dwelt longer and more minutely upon the study of ancient languages, yet we would also urge upon young ladies the study of modern languages. Next to the Greek and Latin, in point of excellence, as a study, is the German. In some parts of our country French is necessary for ordinary social intercourse. In other parts, German and Spanish are equally indispensable. Yet, though you may never anticipate conversing in any, we recommend them all as a part of your intellectual training. As soon as you have become familiar with geography, arithmetic, and grammar, commence Latin. Lay a broad foundation of Latin first, and you will find that you have learned the key-note to all the languages. Next, add Greek, and keep these two with you along your whole course through the sciences, mathematics, music, painting, and

whatever else you engage in for use and ornament. You will find them valuable assistants in all. But do not deceive yourself with the idea that you have finished Greek and Latin. Do not say that you have read *Cæsar*, because you have read three or four books. Do not say you have read *Virgil*, because you have read six or nine books of the *Æneid*. Why not read it all? Why content yourself with a few of the orations of *Cicero*, or a moiety of *Sallust* when you may read more? Would that every young lady might learn to love study, not only for the good it brings, but for its own sake! Our school-girls are too eager to lay aside their books. They have mistaken the meaning of the word graduating. They forget that there may be a higher degree. And alas for them, when public sentiment humors the deception and requires only a diploma!

The facilities for female education are greater now than at any former period of the world's history. The danger now lies in depending too much upon the prescribed curriculum, and too little upon individual effort. The mind will not thrive on artificial stimuli. Its natural food is labor.

A VISIT TO THE MORAVIANS

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

MORAVIAN—a name suggestive of mild tranquillity, Christian peace, and calm religious joy. Some of the purest and noblest characters that have dwelt among us lived and died in communion with this branch of our Savior's Church. Zinzendorf, Spangenberg, Peter Böhler, and Christian David are familiar names to those acquainted with the early history of Methodism. John Wesley is said to have lighted his torch at their altar, and it is well known that he introduced several of their religious observances among his people. In later days the poet Montgomery, whose parents were Moravian missionaries, lived and died in their communion. Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, the musical soul with the inharmonious name, to whom the Christian world owes so much for her *Select Memoirs of Port Royal*, was also a Moravian. She tells us that at seven years of age, as she was one evening walking with her mother just at sunset near the beautiful woods of Lord Dynevor's park at Llandale, when glowing tints were lighting up the dark trees, there were sweet and solemn strains borne upon the air, and a funeral procession passed, preceded by wind instruments with which the voices of singers sweetly blended. The procession was habited in white and the cof-

fin covered with a white pall, on which was affixed, in large characters, a few Scripture texts, such as "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord," and "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Her mother, in answer to Mary Anne's inquiries, told her that this was a Moravian funeral. The circumstance made a deep impression upon the child's sensitive imagination, and probably the chord touched at that early age vibrated to the end of her life, and eventually caused her to unite herself to a sect that first became known to her under such a picturesque phase.

One of the sweet memories of our early life is a few days passed in a Moravian settlement among the mountains of North Carolina. The place was all Moravian then. The trees and gardens wore a quiet look, and contentment and repose seemed to brood over the cream-tinted dwellings. The few people moving about the village appeared to glide rather than walk, and you saw faces and figures that would look strangely in a busier world. They say that its distinctive Moravian traits are fast disappearing, and that its rural sights and lulling sounds have been succeeded by those of vulgar, every-day life. The brothers and sisters could not resist the temptation to sell their land to strangers, and now their little band mingles with those who have no "birthright" with them. Lovers of the romantic and the peculiar may regret this; but perhaps it is better for the Moravians themselves. It may give more liberality of sentiment, enlarge Christian charity, and quicken religious activity, though it takes away from the special interest of the place.

We had spent many days amid the untamed beauties of nature, and began to long for rest. We had enjoyed enough of the sublime, and really needed the comfortable. Our bones ached with jolting over roads as little cultivated as the mountains, which looked so serene in the distance, and were so rugged in the climbing. So it was a positive luxury, on a sweet summer's day at about five o'clock in the afternoon, to find the rocky, rain-washed roads succeeded by smooth, turf-bordered ways, shaded with immense trees,

"That danced unnumbered to the playful breeze,"

and threw a floating shadow on the green sward. We rolled onward for a mile with occasional glimpses of newly-mown meadows, shining corn-fields, and contented-looking cows up to their knees in clover, and at length drove through a wide, shady street to the one hotel of the village. It was an angular building, with its uniformity relieved only by the trees which grew around it. They could not look stiff and strait under any

circumstances, and their freedom and grace embellished what would have looked rigid and severe without them. But if the house was not picturesque, it was beautifully clean and very quiet. A gentle, tranquil influence appeared to pervade every part of it. We were waited upon by rosy, obliging German girls for the second time only since we had entered a slave state. While at supper, which was served at a very early hour, a sweetly-toned bell sounded from the neighboring church. It was the evening summons to prayers, and we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity to join in the devotional exercises of the good people who had so favorably impressed us. The church across the green was pointed out, and thither we went. Like the houses it was cream-tinted outside, but painted white within, and perfectly clean. The light walls, ceilings, and pews were only relieved by the dark dresses of the audience and the colored ribbons which distinguish the different classes belonging to the school. The young girls composing it all sat together in the body of the church, reminding us of Keble's

"Bright and ordered files,
Like spring flowers in their best array."

We were met at the entrance by a trim little German woman, in short skirts and white cap and apron, who tripped up the aisle before us and conducted us to the "stranger's pew" at the head of the church. There was profound stillness within for some minutes, but a bird without was before us in the vesper service; and while we sat in silence he sang a sweet song on the trees by the window. A venerable-looking minister, with long, silvery hair, sat in the altar when we entered, who at length rose from his seat, repeating, "Let us raise our hearts from this world, vain, transitory." He then gave out a noble German hymn, which, accompanied by the organ, was sung by the congregation with a fervor and beauty which made us think of the choral harmonies above. There was not a silent voice in the congregation. Music is taught among the Moravians as universally as reading and writing are with us. The next day we went with our traveling companion and one of the Moravian brethren to the church to hear a favorite piece played upon the finely-toned organ. No one was there when we entered, and the minister turned to his son saying,

"Go and ask sister Beulah to play for us."

The little fellow soon returned with "sister Beulah" to the church. She was a tall, robust young woman, wearing a homespun dress with the sleeves rolled up above her elbows, for which she apologized by saying she was at the wash-

tub when William called her. But what beautiful music those coarse, hard-worked fingers drew from the pliant keys; and what a voice of power and sweetness she possessed! My friends could not get enough of it. They stood beside her as she played anthem after anthem till I, more practical than they, began to fear that the washing would suffer through her music. But she kindled under the sounds she made the instrument give forth, and appeared another creature to what she was when she sat down before it. Her eyes glistened and her color deepened. Golden and glorious must such a gift have made sister Beulah's otherwise prosaic life,

"Singing at her work apart
Behind the wall of sense,
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight
In vortices of glory and thin air."

Our Moravian friend accompanied us to the hotel and gave us much information with regard to his people. He told us how greatly their good Bishop Spangenburg suffered in scaling rocky mountains, swimming rapid rivers, and penetrating dense forests in the depth of winter in order to reach the spot he had selected for his little colony in North Carolina. "Often," said brother B., "he fell from his horse through weakness and exertion, and was lifted upon it again by his companions. Our Church owes him much," he continued. "He was a good man. There never lived a human being perhaps who had more close and confidential intercourse with his Savior. He verified the truth of one of his own hymns:

'When simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light.

'What God will do with me I know not. I am blind. I am a child. My Father knows,' were evermore his words, and his actions never belied them."

Seeing the interest for Bishop Spangenburg which he had awakened in our minds, he went on to narrate several anecdotes of him. Among others was one that Zeisberger, the companion in travel of the Bishop, was fond of telling.

When in Pennsylvania, at one time, accompanied by two attendants, in the heat of midsummer, almost famished and exhausted they reached the borders of a nearly dried-up stream. They threw themselves down beside it, when the Bishop said,

"My dear David, fetch your fishing-tackle and procure us a meal of fresh fish."

"That would I gladly do," answered David, "if there was a prospect of getting any; but in clear, shallow water like this they are never to be found at this season of the year."

"My dear David, go some little way in the water and try, if it be only in obedience to me," persisted Spangenburg.

So they waded into the water saying,

"The good Bishop does not understand much about fishing. But that does not belong to the business of his life."

Despite their want of faith a fish was found in that shallow water so large that it took their united exertions to secure it. Spangenburg expressed no surprise at their success.

"Did I not tell you that we had a merciful heavenly Father to trust to?" was his calm reply, when informed of their unlooked-for prize.

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to relate a conversation that occurred between Bishop Spangenburg and a learned but skeptical scholar, which we read with great interest in after years. It is a striking illustration of the truth, that the natural man receiveth not the things of God, because they must be spiritually discerned.

The scholar Becker met Bishop Spangenburg when the latter was in his seventy-ninth year. He asked him many questions concerning his former life, which the Bishop answered with brevity and simplicity. Becker then goes on to say:

"The rare tranquillity of mind which this man exhibited, a perfection which I have long been striving in vain to arrive at, completely subverted my previous theories. Rising from my seat and advancing a step nearer to the noble old man, whose countenance was lighted up by the remembrance of his former deeds and sufferings, I thus addressed him, 'Happy man! every incident of your narrative tells me that you possess a something that I am in quest of as the supreme good of my life, but have not found hitherto; a simple principle that may serve as the guide of all my actions, and, amid all the vicissitudes of fortune, impart to me that balance of self-possession and that serenity of mind which you have manifested in the most desperate situations of life. I am not an old man, yet have I suffered much, and have been searching in vain for comfort in our systems of divinity and philosophy. I beseech you by all means to disclose to me the soothing idea that must constantly pervade your mind and impart to your soul such a blissful serenity.' Thus saying, I eyed him with the longing desire of one who is expecting to hear a sentence for life or for death. He looked at me with the piercing glance of a seer, laid his hand on his heart, and only said:

"I am indebted for that to my Savior," while his searching eye held mine, as it were, spell-bound. I then asked him to explain to me how this influence upon the human intellect was re-

stored and how produced. He gave me an answer which I could not fully comprehend, but which in substance amounted to this, that these things could sooner be experienced than described."

Poor Becker, in the pride of his philosophy, goes on to say:

"Had I not been firmly convinced that all things in this world proceed from natural causes, and had I not been in the habit of every-where searching for a distinct conception of ideas, the spark of pious enthusiasm might have been readily kindled into a flame. As it was, I only admired such a sober and discreet man's imagination, and took leave of him with the reverence due to every honest man who fully confesses his creed and proves it by good works."

Auguste Spangenburg continued to labor for Jesus till he reached his eighty-eighth year, when his health slowly declined. One beautiful August morning he expressed a desire to be carried into the open air to look once more with loving eyes upon the heavens and the earth. He was borne to a neighboring field where the laborers were gathering the golden harvest. He called them to his chair and asked them to unite with him in one more hymn of praise before he passed away. And then he lifted up his trembling voice in the grand old German hymn beginning,

"Now let us praise the Lord,"

in which, with many tears, the bystanders joined. Then he imparted to them the benediction of the Lord, and was carried back to the house to leave it no more in life.

On the second day we went to the Moravian burial-ground, a sweet and charming spot where birds sang and flowers bloomed, while the sun looked down most lovingly upon it. It was full of sights and sounds of happy, busy life. Young maidens sat and sewed and knitted on the turf beds of those who, to use their own expression, had "gone home." Books, work, and sketching apparatus were strewed over the grass, while in one corner of the inclosure some little children played and sung. I am told that they are scarcely permitted to weep the departure of a Christian friend, but are called upon rather to give thanks. The graves were in uniform rows, and the turf on them was beautifully kept. Sunken in the turf at the head of each was a small square stone, on which the name, birth, and death of the occupant was engraven. Death seemed to wear a cheerful countenance in such a scene, and to be divested of all his dark and cheerless attributes. But even that pleasant spot would be sad at other times. We visited it on a sunny, brilliant day. Wintery skies and sodden leaves

would make its appearance accord better with the bereaved and desolate heart.

The Moravians have a beautiful way of celebrating Easter Sunday. When the morning is yet gray they assemble at the entrances of the graveyard, males and females entering by different gates. Past the graves of the sleeping ones they go in procession, singing of Him who is the resurrection and the life; and it is so arranged that they meet together at the head of the burial-ground just as the sun touches it with his beams. Then they burst forth with the sublime words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept." Surely nothing can be more appropriate than such a celebration of the day, and it must be a comforting exercise to those who have laid their hearts' treasures under the sod. When they return to the church they find it radiant with spring flowers, and a service of joyous thanksgiving follows.

The Moravians bear their dead to their graves singing before them. This custom, however, is not confined to them. Dr. Stevens tells us in his charming History of Methodism that it was at one time a custom among the Methodists, in like manner, "to carry their dead along the highways singing the pathetic, but exultant dirges" with which the genius of Charles Wesley enriched the Church. Thus the good and noble John Nelson was borne to his rest by "a sobbing and singing procession" of nearly half a mile long.

We could not leave the little sheltered nook, where we had passed a few days so happily, without regret. Some of our party felt that they would like to live and die there. But a longer stay would probably have given other views, lovely as the spot appeared to happy, youthful eyes. They would have wearied of the monotony that was so soothing for a little while. But the visit has ever been like a flower pressed, yet fragrant, associated in our minds as it is with holy and divine influences, great natural beauty, and pleasant intercourse with friends whom we loved and revered in their life, and have since mourned over, but not hopelessly, in their death.

It is not so much by the symmetry of what we attain in this life that we are to be made happy, as by the enlivening hope of what we shall reach in the world to come. While a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music, but for construction. When it is finished it shall be played for melodies. God is fashioning the human heart for future joy. He only sounds a string here and there to see how far his work has progressed.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. E. F. COOPER.

THERE is something in every thing that distinguishes it from every thing else; also there are some things in each thing had in common by all other things of the same sort. This is true in regard to all natural objects; it is equally so in regard to persons. And the sum of a man's peculiar and common qualities, as exhibited in his life, makes up his reputation, or, as it is otherwise called, his "character."

The word "change" is a very common one with us, and like many others its meaning is changeful. But its first reference is to some variation in position, form, or essence. Variation in position and form we see taking place all the time in all nature around us. But there is no variation in the essence of things. This is established. Variation as continuous and as great we find in man. But as there is a limit in the first instance, so there should be one here. Men should not vary in that which makes them men and gives them rank. But some, regardless of this limit, ring continuous changes in all they have through all their days. Associations, habits, affections, motives, principles, etc., are pushed aside for others, or bargained for and sold, regardless of their intrinsic worth. The shell of time thus rings ever-varying tones in their ears till they reach life's last river; but tones there are that are lost to richness and melody.

Every thing has its opposite: the persons just spoken of have. There are persons as changeless as these are changeful. And the prominent points in the character of these two classes of persons are just dissimilar. Take one of the first, and one of the second. The first we see to-day, to-morrow most likely we can not find him; the second will be to-morrow as to-day. The first has no business, or if he has, he may or may not be there; the second has a business, and he is at it, and always at it. The first is a reed shaken with the wind, and we know not which puff will snap him down; the second is an oak defying the storm. Unwavering firmness stands out in every idea of his head, and in every purpose of his heart. This is the great fact of his being, inked into his very nature. It points every conception of his mind, and nerves him in every act of his life. It is the prop of his soul; it stays him up. When we see such a man we say that he has great "decision of character."

"Decision of character" is a quality which may be had with almost any and every other characteristic. It may be associated in the bosom with equity or injustice, with mercy or cruelty, with charity or avarice, with any of the loves

and hates, good or bad purposes of the soul. Hence it may direct the mind of devils as well as that of angels, of bad and good men. But wherever found it is praiseworthy; in itself it is a virtue. It is a quality absolutely necessary to our manhood to give success to our life and tone to our character. To bring out fully the last thought let us notice several points:

1. It gives one a name. It has the peculiar power to set one upon his feet, to set him there right, right before his fellows. Then it has a peculiar chisel, which pares him out into his proper shape; and then it has a peculiar pencil, which touches him off with his proper hues. And now we find him like others standing at his own post—at his own work. Without this decision there would be an incompleteness about him—an indistinctness of parts. But not so with it: we know him.

2. It gives point to life. Life should have an aim. With him it has. The mark is set up. It must be struck. Decision summons and concentrates the powers of body and soul, and sends the man through life with the precision of the sped arrow.

"An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressible spring will toss him up,
In spite of fortune's load."

So with life's great aim; so with its less ones. All along the line of life less objects he sights and gains. Hence he is the man for friendships. Friendship with him is a success to us. It will give us a strong arm when ours is weak.

3. It gives him independence. He is a man among men, and rejoices in the works of his own hands. The works of his hand yielding their increase and his life being a success, he can talk and smile with his fellows and show his opinion. Fear and diffidence seen in many persons have no right to a place in his bosom; and if there they are usurpers, and will soon be expelled. He has a right to speak out, and to speak out plainly. He has earned and proved his opinion. And if objected to, as thousands of such noble souls are, he can assert his right; and if rejected, he can fall back upon self-gained merit. But most likely just here lies his greatest danger. His own life a success, and his own opinions proved true so often, he may gain such a self-confidence that he may do injustice to the opinions and rights of others, and may have almost a total disregard to the advice of prudent friendship. Here greatness has often stumbled, and has risen no more; or if it has risen, its form was marred.

4. It gives him honor. Not only has he a right to speak out, but that right is acknowledged.

He not only shows his opinion, but that opinion is felt. Not only does he smile and talk, but his smiles kindle smiles in others, and his talk fills other heads and crowds upon other lips. Such men are needed; they are the world's blessing. It calls for them and gives them place. Other men may have the intelligence, but only such have the nerve to sway the nation and build the empire, to guide the multitude and speak their will, to lift the national arm and make the foe tremble. And through all the ramifications of every great system such spirits must be scattered to grasp the reins of power and guide the plow of state. Thus scattered they form a great network of strength thrown over the whole fabric, making it as firm as themselves are. The historic pages of every great state, and the trivial annals of every pleasant neighborhood supply examples, and these examples extort from us—from all the world—hearty admiration.

5. It acts as a ratchet-wheel to men in difficulty. Men of decided character are not always successful. They are not successful sometimes for want of ability, and sometimes for want of opportunity. Conflict will meet us in the journey of life—conflict arising from misfortune or from direct opposition of fellow-beings. And the scene of our conflict will be as varied as our combats are frequent. Without decision the man will show but an easy or an awkward fight, and then a forsaken field; with it he will win a name and likely a triumph. Decision protected Joseph in Egypt, David when hunted as a partridge, Luther starting the Reformation, and Asbury while American Methodism's first Bishop. Decision gave name, and power, and wealth to Great Britain, and liberty and self-confidence to America. And where is the great achievement that the world ever witnessed without it? It makes a man feel that if he can not do all he would, he will do what he can; and the man that will do what he can, will sometimes find himself doing tremendously. Misfortune and opposition may break in and paralyze his nerve for a while, but they can not hold him always. Catching anew the velocity which manly ambition imparts, the whole machinery of the self will move on toward life's great aim.

6. One can not be a Christian without it. Our Savior observes a candle in its stick blazing. This he points to as picturing the Christian. How appropriate! The soul, fired with the love of God, gives out a holy radiation to all around. But what keeps him up to this? What keeps his powers astir? What inspirits him to the high purpose? We would ask, what can keep down the evil risings of our own nature? What can enable us to do successful battle against the

subtile arrangements of Satan? What can pass us unhurt amid the strifes and lures of time? Decision, ay, decision like that of Joseph, and David, and Luther, and Asbury. For want of it thousands have made shipwreck of faith, while every soul in heaven has been kept by it to reach that home.

DE QUINCEY.

BY LUCY ALDRICH.

THE year 1859 will long be remembered as that in which the intellectual heavens were darkened by the disappearance of the most brilliant constellation that ever arose upon the night of human history. Humboldt, Prescott, Hallam, Irving, De Quincey, Macaulay—seldom have six names so eminent become historic in so brief a time.

It is difficult, perhaps, to say in whose loss the age has most suffered. Yet we think the world will look upon another Irving, another Macaulay, even another Humboldt, sooner than upon another De Quincey. Not that his achievements in science or literature were more meritorious; nor that in any single intellectual faculty, save perhaps that of analysis, he was more liberally endowed; but his mind was of that royal order which combines the fullest development of the imagination with the closest powers of abstraction. Whether he has fairly earned an equal rank even may be disputed; but that he *might* have accomplished more than they all, there can be no doubt.

To most readers De Quincey is known only as the "Opium-Eater." The public mind has yet in a great measure to be introduced to his more valuable writings, and through them to become acquainted with the powers of his great intellect.

In his manner of writing he is entirely *sui generis*. It is his habit, as he himself tells us, rather to think aloud and follow his own humor, than much to consider who is listening to him. He seldom proceeds in a direct line toward his object, but loiters by the way, turning your attention rather to beauties of scenery than to actual progress, leading you aside to mark some fairy nook, mossy bank, or rivulet, brightening the meadow with its silver thread; luring you on and on as if by magic, till, by a single wave of his wand, the scene changes, the main path is before you, and you find that your course has been steadily onward. Still, in this age of straightforward, practical thinking, we prefer a more direct route; and hence, though compelled to acknowledge that we have been richly repaid for turning aside, we weary of his endless di-

gressions, and, too often for our own good, part with our less-hurried companion.

De Quincey's mind was of the highest analytic order. So clear were his perceptions of relation, so great his delight in regions of pure abstraction, that no mental dissection, however delicate, could baffle him; no gossamer threads of argument, however attenuated and interwoven, could defy his power to unravel them. Superadded to this was an imagination which "clothed the naked skeletons of thought, and the barest natural objects with the garland and singing robes of poetry." There is nothing in the English language which, in poetic idealization or linguistic power, can compare with his visions. In the realm of fancy he soars as free and exultingly as a bird in its native air.

It may be said that the terrific coloring of these dreams is due to opium. There is some truth in this. Constitutionally determined to reverie, delighting in mysteries, and even in childhood dwelling apart in the enchanted castle of his own fancy, we can not wonder that for him there was a fearful charm in that drug which causes dreams to repeat with marvelous accuracy the longest succession of mental phenomena. Still, that imagination which in his youth kept him in constant terror from invisible and impossible agencies; which located, peopled, and governed his island kingdom of "Gombroon;" which, looking upward from the face of a sister, upon whose childish brow death had set its icy seal, saw a shaft opening in the far blue sky, and the throne of God forever receding, while his own spirit rose, as if on billows, up the shaft—such an imagination would have worked powerfully under any circumstances.

The whole range of De Quincey's writings is pervaded by the most inimitable humor. Serious, even sad, as are the deep foundations of his nature, he has nevertheless a keen sympathy with whatever is genial in human life; manifesting it in every manner, from the gay and lively to the caustic and severe; in every degree, from the quiet smile to the hearty, ringing laugh. Sometimes he gives us whole pages of the most delicious nonsense, under which, however, he is all the time developing some important truth. Condemning pure levities, which have within them no justifying principle of life, "he tosses his most profound thoughts into these billows of foam and sunshine," rejoicing in the sport as a child at play. "He is," says Bayne, "as one sitting in a chariot at a Roman carnival, and flinging from the same hand crackers, and sugar-plums, and lumps of pure gold. Ill is it for him who sees only the crackers and sugar-plums, and thinks there can be no gold."

But the question returns, why has this man of giant intellect—of unequaled acquirements—of such early proficiency that at eleven years of age he was better qualified to harangue an Athenian crowd than his tutor an English one—of such mature strength that, though worn with disease and severe intellectual toil, he kept unfaltering pace with Ricardo in his highest abstractions—why has such a man given us no more of that sound, available thought which the age demands? The answer is brief. When we recall the terrible "Iliad of Woes" which he has built upon his opium experience, and remember that nearly all his literary labor was accomplished in the paroxysms of a convulsive warfare with the merciless tyrant, we grieve, but we cease to wonder.

To the enchanting draught he was perhaps indebted for those strange revelations of the shadowy world of dreams; for those clear perceptions of the relations which subsist between the earliest fancies of the infant mind and the characteristics of later years; for those revealing intuitions which flash like gleams of light over his theme, and for that prophet ear which could hear "in the distance the footsteps of Reform coming upon every road." But to the same draught he owed the paralyzation of his noblest powers and the mortifying failure of his sublimest efforts. Opium afforded him a brief period of ecstatic pleasure, but he was doomed to atone for the indulgence by years of despairing agony. Around his career, as around that of Coleridge, "were glories as of empyrean light, and sorrows that might draw tears from the seraphim." And of him, too, it might as truly be said, that "he was as a desert-born steed, with hoofs to outrun the wind, and eyes to outgleam the lightning; but smitten at the bright morning hour by the withering Samiel, and thenceforward staggering, with eye dimmed and limbs tottering, along the burning sand."

The religious element of his character remains to be noticed. From his earliest childhood, when the story of that just One, who was man and yet not man, "slept upon his mind like early dawn upon the waters," all through his more than threescore years and ten we find the same undoubting faith; the same clear insight into the grand fundamental truths of Christianity. "A great man," he has somewhere told us, "may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel; but a mind of the highest order must build upon Christianity." The purity of his life, the tenderness of his conscience, the depth of his sympathy with the great human heart in "its colossal guilt and its colossal misery," the humble reception of the truth as it is in Jesus, together with his fearful struggles to free himself from the dominion of opium—all these

attest the deep religious undercurrent of his character.

This character we have considered only in its separate traits. It were no easy task to attempt the final portraiture of a mind so complete and harmonious in its proportions, so manifold and brilliant in its manifestations. The world will wait long for a really-valuable biography of the "Opium-Eater." He who had not strength to lift the spear of Ajax would have been illy qualified to estimate the power which nerved that hero's arm, and our drawing-room authors will not care to make evident the immeasurable distance between themselves and De Quincey by an attempt to place him in full armor before us.

THE WINGS OF LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF AGNES FRANZ.

BY ANNIS E. DONKERSELEY.

AS the creation of the earth was finished, and a man, encircled by the dusk of deep sleep, greeted the joys of life in peaceful dreams for the first time, there appeared before the couch of the slumberer three high angels, who had followed the Creator to look upon the work of his omnipotence, saluting the master of the world with feelings of love and joy.

And as they bowed down toward him they were astonished at the beauty and the perfect form of the created, and they said one to another, "Truly man is very near the angels, if his soul corresponds with the purity and nobleness of his features."

"But," began one, whose brow shone with a light more earnest and more grand than those of the others, "an ornament of heaven's inhabitants was yet denied the son of earth. See, the emblem of freedom—the sparkling pair of wings—he has them not."

Sorrowful the angels saw confirmed the disclosure of their earnest brother, and they murmured low, "Would the divine Master show by this that the child of dust is not yet worthy of the free hight and the holy joys of the land of light?"

An eagle rose up from the shrubbery near by, and with his broad wings cut the air and disappeared in the sunny heights. And the angels looked upon him and spoke again, "See the bird of the mountain! Is he not freer and more favored than the lord of earth? And can this unhappy one without envy look toward him in the sunny heavens?"

"Let us," said one of the angels, whose countenance beamed mild as heaven and beautiful as Aurora, "let us go before Jehovah and pray for

man, that he, like us, may receive the gift of freedom and not be chained to the earth like the beast of the forest and the lowly worm."

"Yes, we will go to the divine Master. He will hearken to us," said the third, raising his joyful eyes. And the angels flew toward heaven on the pinions of the morning light.

When Jehovah heard the petition of the angels, he rested his godly eye with pleasure upon the forms of light, who thus in loving care glowed for the young man. "You desire for the son of dust the happy lot of the inhabitants of glory!" said Jehovah. "Yet the bliss of freedom lies beyond the bounds of his power.

"To form himself for this, to prepare his heart for your joys, is the work of his life; and the longing after this happiness yet denied him is the bond which links him with the spirit-world. But if you, who look upon the newly-created one with so careful a love, will lend him your wings when he has become weary, then will it henceforth be in your power to ease the lot of mortals. Go now and become his leaders in the path of life, and give him, through your nearness, a foretaste of future bliss."

Then rejoiced the angels, full of great joy; and embracing each other descended together toward the earth, and came again before the couch of the sleeper. With tears of joy in their eyes they laid their hands upon the man's breast, as in a silent vow. "O thou who still liest in the arms of slumber!" began the youngest angel, "think, if at any time thou meetest upon thy path many a calamity, many a crag, think of my words. Raise thy glance trustingly to me and I will lend thee my wings. For lightly will the pinions of Hope bear thee over the thorns of the present and lead thee into fields of light."

"And if, sometimes, the burden of the day weighs too heavily upon thy neck," began the second with the mild countenance, "then come to me. I will lighten thy load. The strong, courageous wings of Love will endow thy life with wonderful power, and, unwearied, wilt thou do good and promote and perfect more than the weak hand of mortal can promise."

"And if the hours draw near," so began the third angel in his dazzling glory, "when earthly pain or misfortune threatens to disturb thee in the enjoyment of peace and happiness; if thou feelest thyself surrounded by bonds which thou art unable to loose; if thou wanderest deep in the labyrinth of life and longest for help and deliverance, then, O mortal, trustingly seek aid in me. The holy pinion of Faith will conquer every earthly power and bear thee out of night and darkness up to the loving breast of the eternal Father. My heaven shall then be thine, my

holy power thine, and purified and at peace thou wilt return home to thy mother earth."

So spoke the angels and gave each other their hands in a lasting covenant. Then Jehovah looked with love upon the united ones and blessed them—the guardian spirits of men.

THE PICTURED ROLL.

BY REV. J. P. LACROIX.

THE artist, thirsting for the beautiful and grand, may take leave of friends and home, visit classic lands, muse on the crumbling walls of ancient temples, examine earth's battle-fields, look into the craters of Etna and Potosi, visit the cheerless home of the iceberg and snow, journey into the land of the myrtle, banana, and sunshine, encounter the blasts of the storm-king on the great deep, and finally, after having regained his home in health and safety, he may with skillful pencil spread on canvas so vivid a portraiture of these notable scenes that, as you gaze on it, you will seem to dwell with him in distant lands and ancient times. There is a longer voyage than this, however, and a pencil more cunning to depict its scenery. The finger of time will erase the colors of the artist and he and his canvas will molder into dust, but *this* gallery of pictures shall know no decay; nay, when the best works of the great masters shall have utterly perished, this shall remain as vivid and life-like as at the first. It is the journey of life; and thought, in the forms of observation and reflection, is the artist, while memory serves as a canvas. Every human being makes this journey, and the gallery is a part of his soul.

In the infant the canvas exists as a roll of purest white. When the senses awake into activity the pencil makes its first stroke. For a few months the canvas receives accurate images of material forms. The moral sense now begins to act. Things distribute themselves into right and wrong. The child having approved and done a right act, forthwith the wizard pencil impresses on a virgin fold of the memory a happy consciousness. A series of such acts succeed, and blessed are the moments of the child as they glide before its meditative eye. Might it but continue thus forever! But motives to evil are suggested, and after a bitter struggle the first wrong action is done. A new blank fold of the canvas is presented—would that it might remain a blank!—and the pencil, faithful to its trust, depicts the scene of sin in colors of the pit. Remorse has come into being and henceforth ever stares into the soul of the reflecting child. The pleasure given by the bright scenes

is canceled by the hideous picture which by day, by night, at home, abroad, alone, or in company, flits into the thoughts of the unhappy child. Onward it lives, and as each day and hour passes the tireless pencil depicts on the unfolding canvas scenes of beauty, deformity, love, hate, patience, anger, truth, falsehood, innocence, guilt, immodesty, chastity—at first a mixture of the good and evil, then one of them temporarily predominating, till finally the scales turn once and forever to the angelic or demoniac character. Then is the probation complete, then is the child ripened into the saint or the fiend, with an infinite improbability that its character will ever change.

I said this great pictured roll, called the memory, is a part of every man's being. He will—he must take it with him into heaven or hell; for without it he would be unable to ascribe his salvation to the Lamb, or comprehend the full justice of his banishment from God. Remorse could not exist nor guilt be felt were memory destroyed. There are reasons for believing that no thought, feeling, or scene which is ever once fixed in the memory can ever utterly perish therefrom. Though they be buried beneath the dust of years and other matters occupy the whole attention, yet they are not gone—they are only folded and carefully laid away; and there is a wand, a magic wand, at whose beck the whole panorama of life will rapidly and vividly pass in mental review. Whether the good in heaven will still recollect their wicked earthly acts, or whether the memory of them will be obliterated by the blood of Jesus I know not. That they will be remembered is likely from this fact, that a recollection of one's past history is essential to his conscious personal identity. At least this much is certain, that a wonderful, a fearfully-important work is going on continually in the mind of every man. Every wrong word whispered in the ear of childhood becomes a blot on its soul. Every impure book that is read leaves in the soul's picture-gallery a train of blemishes, a series of hideous forms, which, under the laws of association, are liable to intrude themselves into the purest minds in their holiest hours—even in the social circle, at the communion-table, or beside a sister's new-made grave. It results, therefore, that this great pictured roll is a curse or a blessing—a curse to the wicked; for the hideousness of his past life, continually floating about in his thoughts, so embitters his solitary moments as to force him to try to escape from himself and find forgetfulness in the bustling whirl of a dissolute life—a blessing to the pure in heart; for who can estimate the bliss he derives in lonely, meditative hours from a contemplation of the high

thoughts, virtuous acts, and noble images which constitute the record of his life?

If, then, we would indignantly repulse from our threshold him who would trace impure thoughts and gross pictures on the walls and ceilings of our houses, which will soon fall into ruins, with how much more careful a jealousy should we banish from our homes that acquaintance, or book, or paper which would impress hateful thoughts or images on the ineffaceable tablets of our and our children's memory!—seeing that each such thought or image is a wand at whose name Remorse awakes to his fearful activity. Blessed is that child whose memory holds no blot. Blessed is that adult whose memory retains no voluntary blemish—no cherished evil image.

UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS.

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

YE have read the poet's musings,
And have laid the book aside,
Thinking that ye know the sounding
Of the spirit's mighty tide;
That ye've found the secret chamber
Where the pleasant memories throng,
Or the darkened shadows gathering,
Almost hush the voice of song.

But those pleasant, cheering pictures
Were but bubbles on the stream,
Where reflected rays of sunlight
For a moment chanced to gleam;
They were echoes of the voices
That within the spirit seek
Vainly for some written language
Unto other hearts to speak.

Ye have only seen the shadow—
Seen the glowing sunshine fade,
When the stilling hand of sorrow
Is upon the harp-strings laid.
O the poverty of language
When the soul is full of thought;
When upon each wave of feeling
Bitter memories are brought!

Deep beneath the sparkling bubbles
Sweeps the current of the soul,
Of its wild and rushing surges
Murmuring waves have never told;
Half its wild, tumultuous beatings
Ne'er is heard by those we love,
For the language of the spirit
Is not spoken—save above.

O those clear and holy voices
That within the spirit sing,
We would break the chains that bind them—
Bid them go with tireless wing;
But in vain their golden pinions
Beat against these bars of clay;
Earth can only catch their whispers
Till the prison falls away.

HUMAN LONGEVITY.

FIRST PAPER.

BY J. D. BELL.

WE learn our possibilities tardily. The most skillful of men was once a bungling boy, learning unwillingly how to read, and not spending a thought on his capacities. But he afterward found that inexpertness needs only resolution, right practice, patience, and an aim to make itself famous for mastership; and that every great man was once like himself, only a bungling boy.

I think that in some future age men generally will, by virtue of physical constitution, be more tenacious of life than men now are. Mankind labors, in this day, under many mistakes. We live with less life than we might; and we die early because we do not learn how to live longer. Rochefaucault says that few people are well acquainted with death. "It is," says he, "generally submitted to through stupidity and custom." Fleurens, a learned Frenchman, assumes that a century is the natural term of human longevity. He teaches that the duration of life depends on the natural constitution and intrinsic vigor of the human organs. Rejecting the conclusion reached by Buffon, that every animal lives about six or seven times as long as it is in growing, he says that the real relation of the period of growth to the duration of life is nearly as 1 to 5. Man is twenty years in growing, and he ought to live five times twenty years. The camel is eight years in growing, and he lives forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years.

We are not obliged to adopt this theory. How long it is possible for a man to live on this planet, is a question which does not admit of a definite answer. It is like a certain other question—that which asks how great it is possible for a man to become. We see that most men set bounds to themselves. They achieve so much, and then cease from achieving. The bigot's dogmas are the stakes beyond which he does not progress. How many men have put up bars before their minds, in the form of mean lusts! Yonder is a student who finds it hard work to get his lessons. To-day he says to himself, "I am not made for success in these studies." Tomorrow he will leave the school; and, in a few months, he will have selected some kind of business which will be an everlasting bar, shutting his mind from the great fields of science and literature. Thus men cease from progressing toward the nobility which they might attain, build a fence before their mental faculties, in the shape of some creed, some lust, or some inferior trade,

and then become accustomed to say that they were not born to live a great life.

Equally unjust to themselves are men in their treatment of the capacity which they possess of staying in their bodies. God has given us power either to increase or to lessen the number of our days, just as he has made us able to become either noble men or mean men. It is a dismal fallacy, unworthy of this intelligent age, that God has arbitrarily set the times of men's deaths. You have some power over that mysterious clock whose pendulum, as Mr. Holmes tells us, is the heart. You can thrust opium or fermented liquors—those things which this writer calls "coarse tools"—in through any crevice of your life-clock, "by which they may reach the interior, and so alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine." You may say that you can not commit suicide to-day, or that you could not to-morrow; but I will not admit that it is impossible for you ever to commit suicide. Can you not to-day, or could you not to-morrow, introduce into your nature the elements of a disease which would, at length, make death by your own hands preferable to life?

We are stewards over our bodies. We can treat them as we will. If you habitually overfeed yourself, you will die prematurely, in consequence of your series of ruinous surfeits, and then you will deserve the epitaph, "Here lies one who stuffed himself to death."

Investigation shows that in this century the heartiest people do not live the longest. There is many a scholar, frail in appearance, as if dyspepsia and consumption were vying with each other for the honor of being foremost in draining the poor fellow's treasury of vital forces; and yet this pale and lean devotee of literature will outlive a hundred of your portly men, who are devoted to bodily pleasures. I do not mean such scholars as Henry Kirke White and Robert Pollok, whose books were undoubtedly their executors. We all know that too many fine lovers of knowledge immolate their youthful bloom at the shrine of their high idolatry. But, as long as scores of patient and mighty thinkers can be found, who have never seemed hale, but always thin and dyspeptic, and who, nevertheless, are men of high-toned inner health, and joyous longevity, so long we may know that the short-lived million who were born to be plump and ruddy might stay in their bodies years longer if they should try. Only a few men see what it is that makes the candle of human life burn out so fast in the mass of sockets. Ten myriads of circumstances which are under the power of a man are permitted to build mental character for him; and as great a number of circumstances equally sub-

ject to human agency are allowed by a man to shorten his proper term of longevity. A man never studies the laws of health. Physiology is a work of which he hardly knows the meaning. He inhales malaria, a whole season, without considering that it is insidiously preparing him for the bilious intermittent, or for the fever and ague. To-day he has a bad cold, but he sits by the open window, and receives just as strong a current of air as that which blew the cold into his lungs yesterday. He has become so used to hot tea and hot coffee that it does not burn his mouth; so he is sure that it never harms him. He eats his meals with haste, not thinking that Nature will one day bring him to a serious account for burdening his stomach with ill-masticated food. He does not let himself see the relation between an excess of meat at supper and woeful dreams breaking with nightmare. He does not exercise himself sufficiently in the free air; he retires too late to his bed; he overtaxes his mind with business; he rarely lets his soul have a hearty laugh; the greater the gains he makes, the less freedom he gives himself for sympathy, and culture, and joyous action—and for all this he must needs find the vitality of his body almost drained away when it should be still plentiful; must needs suffer, in middle age, a thousand pains and infirmities which he, perhaps ignorantly, thinks himself born to suffer; and finally must lie down to die, wasted by the ailments and washed with the furrows of precocious dotage. O, with what appalling carelessness do men run those mysterious machines which God has linked on to their souls! How few seem to know the wonders of that frame with which man moves about on the fertile surface of this world! Who can consider the human body, and not think of it as designed by its Maker for a long life of health? Beautifully is part connected with part in this organism of inexplicable movements. It is a structure in which the principles of nearly all the sciences are impressively illustrated. "There is," says an able writer, "no step forward to new principles in physics, in optics, in the growth of structures, which does not find itself anticipated by some marvelous realization of its idea in the human body." Does not chemistry point us to the process by which the fluids, the flesh, and the bones of this organism are formed out of food and drink, and also to the process by which the blood is cleansed of its carbonic acid in the lungs? Does not mechanics point us to the splendid arrangement of the joints? Does not hydraulics bid us observe the wonderful circulation of the blood, as it is forced by the heart into those countless pipes and branches of pipes which are imbedded in the flesh? And does not theology refer to the body

for the most convincing and beautiful proofs of the existence of an omnipresent God? "We must," says Charnock, "fly from ourselves, and be stripped of our own humanity, before we can put off the notion of a Deity." We might have expected that the Scriptures would assure us that man is fearfully and wonderfully made. He is fearfully made. He has never seen what is in himself. He bears about a locked case which he dares not unbolt. He goes to sleep at night, not knowing that he will ever wake again. He can not tell how he has power to breathe. His heart beats solemnly, as if it were a muffled drum in the hands of nature. He does not know when the daily and nightly march which it measures will be ended. In every part of himself are fine nerves, the slightest puncture of which gives him an indescribable feeling which he calls pain. He is fearfully capable of suffering. His brain is fearfully connected with his mind. He is fearfully dependent, for life, on food, and drink, and air. He is fearfully liable to internal disease, to fevers that madden the soul, to distempers which stupefy the mental powers, and to hypochondriasis—that dreadful malady which causes men to raise a murderous hand against themselves. Surely, man is fearfully made.

But he is also wonderfully made. Consider his wonderful eye and his wonderful ear. He can speak words. He can smile and laugh. He can sleep and awake. He can have swoons and come out of them. He can break his limbs and have them grow together—bruise off his fingernails and have new ones come in their places. By a proper diet and sufficient out-of-door exercise, for half a year, he can even regain the health which, during two or three years, he may have lost in experimenting on his vitals with patent medicines. Wonderful is the capacity of man's body for endurance. He can inhale vitiated air, drink intoxicating liquors, lose half his teeth by acids and hot beverages, chew or smoke tobacco, eat meat like a carnivorous beast, retire late to the bed of his nightly rest, and, in despite of all these things, live beyond middle age! Who can doubt the affirmation, that man is wonderfully made?

When we take into consideration the average longevity of mankind, what should most surprise us is not the shortness of human life, but rather the long time in which men and women remain in their abused bodies. It can not be justly said that God is unwilling we should have a longer stay on this planet. The proper term of longevity has obviously been greatly abridged, in consequence of excesses, injurious fashions, and negligence. The Scriptures mention seventy years as the attainable length of human life; and when,

in connection with this fact, we think of the mass of people as not living through one-half of seventy years, and even then finding the strength of their years to be labor and sorrow, we can not longer doubt that men and women do, by improvidence and intemperance, immensely rob their bosoms of vitality. The investigator hardly knows where to begin or where to stop in his inquiry after the causes which have abridged the proper term of longevity, in the generations of later centuries. Some of these causes may, however, be perceived without difficulty, by keeping the mind fixed on certain general conditions which are essential to long life. The author of an able article, in the *Edinburgh Review*, treats of four such conditions—namely, air, as belonging to respiration; aliment; exercise of the body; and exercise of the mental functions. I do not purpose to vary, essentially, from this classification.

The name under which one important condition of longevity may be treated is *temperance*. Habitual excess, of whatever kind, can not but be injurious to a man. Who would be willing to predict a long life to him who rarely sleeps well, because he usually eats too much? Celsus, the ancient physician, deemed intemperance in food more prejudicial to health and life than intemperance in drinks. Whether this opinion is or is not true, certain it is that both kinds of excess impair human vitality to an extent almost out-reaching conception. Ah, how dearly do men and women pay for the brief and inferior enjoyment of swallowing more substance than is good for them! It can not but be safe to affirm that the millennium will never begin till Christians shall generally have become accustomed to regulate the amount of their aliment with less reference to appetite than to health. A man is oppressed at midnight by a horrible incubus. It is because he ate intemperately at a late hour of the day. He is distressed, both in stomach and in brain, after dinner. It is because he has eaten to an excess, when he should, perhaps, have eaten less than usual. A cold which he has taken clings obstinately to his lungs. It is because he cultivates the cold, by his daily intemperance in food and drinks, making it what Charles Lamb called "a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing." Said Lamb, humorously writing of one such cold, to his friend Barton, "I try all I can to cure it; I try wine and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment." How many people afflicted with obstinate colds might truly

say, "I daily drink great quantities of hot coffee, but it does me no good; I eat too much at every meal, but my cold still clings to me!"

I do not advise people to take their food with a lugubrious fear of overeating—the *Spectator* has a story of a gentleman who shortened his life by weighing or measuring every article of his aliment—but I do advise people to bear in mind the sad results of habitual excess at the table. Shakspeare says that "they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing." Such interference gives a great deal of pain and but little pleasure. It impairs health and hurries the body to the grave. The physiologist told men this, long ago. He discoursed to them plainly and earnestly of the importance of temperance. He employed words which it was not difficult for them to understand. Here are some of the things which he said:

Your food, while it should always be well cooked and relishable, should not be too rich, but should generally contain much waste matter. Corn-bread would benefit you far more than sweet-cake or pastry.

Less food is required by the student or the literary man than by the farmer or the hunter.

The interval between one meal and another should be sufficiently long for the whole quantity of food which has been eaten to become digested, and for enabling the exhausted digestive organs to become recruited.

Your food should not be rapidly eaten, but should be well masticated, and should have time to become thoroughly moistened by contact with the glands of the mouth.

Considerable quantities of drink should not be taken by you during a meal, because disease results from the inactivity of the salivary glands, and from want of a proper amount of that moisture which they afford as an aid in the digestive process.

You should not take food immediately after severe manual labor or severe mental exertion, because in these cases the blood and nervous fluid are diverted to other organs than those of digestion. Nor should you ever severely exert either your body or your mind, immediately after a meal, because such exertion withdraws from the digestive organs that stimulus which enables them to perform their work.

You should abstain from eating as many, at least, as three hours before sleep, because the brain when dormant can not supply an adequate amount of nervous influence for the digestion of food.

Less stimulating aliment, and a less amount of aliment, should be taken by you in warm than in cold weather, because the increased activity

of the vessels of the skin, in warm weather, diminishes the power of the digestive organs.

It was, as I said, long ago that these instructions were given to men, by their wise and magnanimous friend. Happy had it been for them if they had practically heeded these instructions. But they heard the words of their instructor, and at once practiced the contrary. The physiologist had his counsels published, and they are now in the libraries and in the school-rooms of the land. Every intelligent person knows this. But how few of the present generation live, day by day, according to those counsels, the truth of which was so well illustrated by their author! The excellent man lived a long and cheerful life. His countenance was ever ruddy and genial. True health ran in his unobstructed blood, and shone in his observing eye. He became a kind, old man, having a tranquil bosom and a clear and active mind, even many years after age had whitened his locks. In his last days he was accustomed to say, that he had outlived two or three generations of intemperate eaters and drinkers. Then he used to smile with a smile of philanthropic sweetness.

One evening, while the shadows were falling and a sacred stillness was reigning, the venerable instructor leaned his head against his pillow, and peacefully expired. That was all!

But another important condition of longevity is a constant and adequate supply of pure air for the lungs. Man can not live by food and drinks alone; he must also have oxygen. The quantity of atmosphere which is inhaled by a pair of ample lungs, at each free inspiration, is estimated to be from twenty to forty cubic inches. The oxygen contained in this quantity unites with the blood, while a measure of carbon which has been traveling with the blood is emitted. This carbon is exhaled by the lungs in combination with just so much oxygen as was able, by forcibly taking hold of it, to transplace it into the neighboring air-vessels. But the two elements are doomed to pass out into the world together. By its close contact with the carbon the oxygen is corrupted, and can not easily become itself again. The two elements form a compound invisible substance, called carbonic acid. This gas should never be taken back into the lungs, for its character being bad, its presence could not but sadly contaminate the well-bred and honest blood. It is a gas which is remarkable as an extinguisher of light and life. It often lurks in dark wells, and often in underground passages. Like all successful deceivers, it noiselessly works its work of evil. Multitudes of people, even while they are sinking under its power, know not the stealthy enemy that is near them.

Why does the audience of the crowded chapel, or why do the pupils of the ill-ventilated school-room, become languid and wretched? It is because carbonic acid is present, and nobody lets in pure air to drive it out. Why does the sleeper in a small apartment, into which the fresh atmosphere is forbidden to enter, awake in the morning with an aching brain and a weak appetite? It is because carbonic acid quietly administered poison to him in the night. "The impure air of sleeping rooms," says the eminent Dr. Cutter, "is probably more ruinous than intemperance." If a doubt is entertained in respect to the statement that carbonic acid is constantly exhaled by the lungs, that doubt can be removed by an experiment so simple that any person can perform it. Mix a little lime with a little water, in a tea cup, and then breathe into the mixture. In a few moments a white film will form on the surface. This film is carbonate of lime, formed by a union of the carbonic acid exhaled by the lungs with the lime in the cup.

The preacher too often tells a truth which might be established by a painful weight of scientific proof, when he calls his hearers a *dying* congregation. Men are dying fast when they are in want of oxygen. The schoolmaster can often make his boys and girls answer him more briskly in a recitation, by raising the window and opening the door. Carbonic acid has made many a good pupil forget his lesson, and many a bad one refuse to get his lesson. Two hundred persons, each respiring eighteen times a minute, and inhaling twenty cubic inches of air at each inspiration, would breathe up fifteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-five cubic feet of air in less than six hours and a half. Now, if an audience of two hundred persons should sit for six hours and a half in a badly-ventilated hall, measuring twenty-five feet each way, you can conceive to what an extent the quantity of air in the hall, at the end of that time, would be vitiated.

It is true that people must spend much of their time in houses; but it is not true that they must have houses built in such a manner as to cause injury to health and an abridgment of life. Why may not the school-room, the church, the shop, the office, the store, the sleeping apartment each have suitable openings for the admission of pure air, and suitable openings for the escape of corrupted air? It is more than probable that a multitude of evils were introduced with those iron quadrupeds called stoves. Our ancestors ventilated their rooms with open fireplaces, little thinking how these admirable ventilators would contribute to preserve their health and add pleasant years to their lives. The impure air of their kitchens passed up the chimney; but the impure

air of our kitchens remains to be inhaled by us again and again. If, perchance, there is one in the room who is distressed by the poison, and knows the cause of his distress, he can conveniently get relief only by going outdoors.

The carbonic acid which is exhaled by the lungs, is assisted in vitiating the air of a room by other elements, of which the body is ever glad to rid itself. Waste and impure matter is passing all of the time from the human skin, by a process called insensible perspiration. In twenty-four hours not less than two pounds of this matter are cast out through the pores. The particles of this invisible sweat can not but largely contribute, in a few hours, to unfit the air of an ill-ventilated apartment for the blood which knocks at the lungs for purification. Men daily shut themselves in tight boxes, bearing the name of rooms, breathe air mixed with poisonous vapor extruded through their skins and with carbonic acid thrown out in respiration, and then lugubriously express surprise that the average term of longevity, in these centuries, is only about thirty-three years. O, when will people practically consider the truth, that health and long life are to a great extent dependent on the baptism of their blood, every moment, with pure air?

I have not yet referred to those causes by which the volume of the lungs is injuriously diminished. One of these causes—and the only one which will now be discussed—is fashionable, and fashion needs nothing more than this well-established fact to prove that when it is the most popular, it may be the most murderous. How many have died too soon because they would contract the lower ribs of their chests and squeeze nature into the shape of French frailty! Every thing that diminishes the size of the lungs, lessens the amount of oxygen which the blood pleads for when it comes near those little baptismal fonts of air which are located in the human bosom. We need pure blood—we all do. Nature gives to no fashionable class health and longevity, unless these things be valued by that class more highly than waists that are like the waists of short-lived wasps. Undecarbonized blood makes the bones soft and brittle, and impairs their vitality. It enfeebles the muscles. It deprives the step of elasticity, and the arm of efficiency. It causes dyspepsia. It takes the tone of health from the lungs, and makes the skin break forth with impurities. Freightened with feculent matter, it goes "in languid eddies" to the brain, producing nervous headache, bilious headache, defective memory, confusion of thought, and depression of spirits. It makes many people wish they were dead, and some of them ac-

complish their melancholy wish by killing themselves. The poet whose blood is bad loads his verse either with sickly sentiment or with unhealthy irony. The philosopher whose blood is bad is sullen and crabbed, like Diogenes the Cynic. The student whose blood is bad concludes he has no genius, and that his talents are of an inferior order; becomes discouraged, and goes home to his mother. The minister who has bad blood scowls on merry eyes, and makes God seem austere and religion dismal. The Christian who has bad blood is morbidly pious. His body is heavy and his mind sluggish; and in neither does he feel the fulfillment of the sweet beatitudes.

MARION GRANT.

BY F. M. ROWE.

YES—well do I remember that lover's parting; time has silvered my locks and impaired my memory for the events of yesterday; but I can look back through the dim vista of boyhood's years, and again see my cousin Marion as she stood, on that autumn evening, beneath the old elm-tree; and again I hear that low, determined voice, uttering those words which have ever since had their bearing upon my whole moral character.

"Yes, Warner, I *have* the courage to do right—I *have* the courage to fight the battle of life alone, rather than side by side with one who would tempt me to desert my great Commander."

"But I would not tempt you," said Warner Stewart, eagerly; "remember, Marion, I have promised you the most perfect liberty of thought and speech in all religious matters; only I can not promise to wear the shackles myself. Let us be content to worship the God of nature together, and leave what you call revealed religion to those whose narrow education has fitted them for it."

"And think you God's blessing would follow such a union, Warner? No—my dying mother's counsel still rings in my ear: 'My child, rather go through life alone than wed with unbelief and sin.'"

"Marion, I am not a sinner."

"If we say that we have *no sin*, we deceive ourselves," was the low-toned reply.

"Marion," said Warner, passionately, "you do not love me, and you never have."

A short, quick sob of agony was the only reply her woman's heart would make, as bowing her crimsoned cheek upon her clasped hands the tear-drops slowly forced their way through. It was but for a moment. Like a stately lily refreshed by a passing shower she raised her beau-

tiful head, and putting her hand in that of her lover, said calmly,

"We had better part now, Warner. Our discussions will never bring us any nearer together. God bless and keep you and bring you in safety to the haven where you would be!"

Warner Stewart took the hand that lay in his, and raising it to his lips, without a word or look, left the spot, and in a few days he was tossing on the ocean, bound for Calcutta, where he expected to enter a mercantile house. And how did Marion bear the parting? you will ask. She leaned against the old tree, and for a few moments her fair young form was shaken by the violence of her grief. Then sinking on her knees, a holy calm succeeded, and she rose up strengthened from her brief communion, and went about her daily duties, while I, boy that I was, kept her secret in my inmost heart, and revered her as something too good to walk this lower earth. Marion Grant had been an inmate of our family for the last eighteen months. She was an orphan, and my mother's cousin, and was pursuing a course of study with the intention of becoming a governess, when Warner Stewart crossed her path. And now she quietly resumed her old habits of reading, and when questioned upon the subject, simply remarked, "Warner and she had differed upon matters of vital importance." My good mother felt more than half offended at not being made the subject of a closer confidence, and, with her practical view of things, thought Marion had thrown away a good chance for settlement in life. Therefore, when our friend, Mrs. Howard, applied to Marion to take charge of her three little girls, no objection was made to the arrangement, and in a few days Marion was installed as mistress of Mrs. Howard's school-room. And I believe she was happy—down in the depths of her heart she buried her love—and from the soil there seemed to bloom afresh that gentle, loving nature which was happiest when making others happy; and rich and poor blessed Marion Grant for bringing sunshine to their doors. And many a proud suitor bowed at the shrine of Mrs. Howard's beautiful governess—for in that true woman's home, she occupied more the place of a cherished daughter than that of a poor dependent—but the little grave in her heart was still kept green by the waters of memory, and nightly did her prayers ascend for the erring absent one, and she waited for the answer in faith and hope. Did that hope have its fruition? We shall see.

I passed through my college course, and to my great delight obtained leave of my father to spend a year in travel, before settling to a profession. In the mean time I was a privileged and

almost daily visitor in Mrs. Howard's family. I will not pretend that cousin Marion was the only attraction; other eyes smiled kindly at my approach, and other—but never mind, I am not telling my own love story. One day, after school hours, we were all in the sitting-room; I had been reading aloud to them, and Marion was cutting out a pattern. Presently the clicking of the scissors stopped. I heard a slight sound as of some one catching their breath, and looking up found that every particle of color had fled from Marion's cheek.

"Dear Miss Marion, what is the matter?" said little Carrie Howard.

"Not much, darling," she replied with a faint attempt at a smile; "I don't feel very well; I will go out in the air for a while," and she left the room.

I put down my book, and drawing the paper toward me, from which the pattern was half cut, read—

"Married, in Calcutta, on the 1st inst., Warner Stewart, Esq., to Emily, youngest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Stafford, of Kent, Eng."

The paper was dated a year back. I followed Marion to the garden, and there, in a quiet path, I put my arm around her and said softly, "Cousin, may I say something?" She looked up inquiringly. I went on—"Five years ago, one autumn evening, I sat in the old elm-tree an unwilling listener, while *two* stood beneath; and I have kept my cousin's secret ever since, and loved her for her courage"—the cheek was crimson enough now, as for a moment she hid it on my shoulder, then said,

"It is over now, Harry; keep my secret still, and never mention his name again."

I went abroad and reveled in all the glories of the old world. I wandered with the sunburnt peasant maidens, in the valley of the Tyrol, and gazed upon the high-born dames of Venice, as they dreamily floated by in their gondolas; but no faces presented to me such types of womanly beauty as those I left behind me in the little sitting-room at Elmwood. While in England, visiting at the house of a young friend, to whom I had a letter of introduction, the conversation turned upon female beauty in Europe, and I expressed my disappointment at the faces I saw upon the continent.

"O," said he, "you should have seen my cousin, Emily Stafford; hers was a face of no earthly beauty."

I started. "Stafford, did you say?"

"Yes, Emily Stafford," he repeated. "Did you ever meet her?"

"No," said I, quietly; "but I believe she married an old acquaintance of mine in Calcutta."

"Yes, Warner Stewart, or rather Stewart Edgerton, as he is now called. I suppose you have not heard of the large fortune he has fallen heir to?"

"No," I replied, "I have heard nothing of him for a long time. About two years ago I saw the notice of his marriage in an old English paper."

"And about that time you might also have seen the notice of his wife's death. It is a hackneyed phrase to use, 'that she was too good for this world,' but if ever it applied to one of mortal birth, it did to sweet Emily Stafford. My uncle and his family resided for some years in India, and they returned to England principally on account of Emily's health, which had begun to fail even before her marriage. She lived just long enough after their return to press a kiss upon the brow of a little daughter, and they began *life* together, but for Emily it was *life everlasting*."

"But you have not told me how Warner came in possession of his fortune," said I, as my friend paused.

"True, but I was about to do so. Col. Edgerton was an old friend of my uncle's, an old bachelor, with more money than health or good temper; and if I may say that he loved any thing but himself, it was Emily and Stewart. I always felt that he planned the match, but which, fortunately for the parties most interested, was productive of more happiness than made-matches usually are. The old Colonel left all his property, including a fine estate in an adjoining county, to Stewart, with the condition that he should assume his name, and, by residing on the place, perpetuate the family honors. The strangest part of the story is, that Stewart, in spite of his immense wealth, is studying for the ministry, with the intention of himself occupying the living which is in his gift."

"You do, indeed, amaze me," said I, as he finished his recital. "When I knew him, although a noble fellow in other respects, he was thoroughly infidel in his religious views."

"So I have heard," replied my friend, "but I can only give you the fact; the reason why, you can ask him yourself; for we expect him here to-morrow with his little child and nurse. The latter are to remain for some time under my mother's care."

The morrow came, and Stewart's emotions equaled my own at the unexpected meeting. It was not, however, till we were alone strolling about the grounds after dinner, that Marion's name was mentioned; and then Stewart said, abruptly,

"Tell me about your cousin, Harry; I have

heard nothing from my old home for many years."

And I did tell him of her matured womanly beauty; of her many virtues; and of the quiet, happy life she led, and with more than woman's tact I expatiated upon the number of her suitors, and gave as a probable fact the rumor that had reached me, that she had at last consented to make one of them happy. Stewart listened with averted face, then said with energy,

"Harry! aside from the one great purpose of my life, the next desire of my heart is to stand before Marion Grant as the minister of God. Promise me, when you return, to say nothing of having met me, or of my change of views. In two years at the furthest I shall be ordained, and then I intend to revisit my old home."

I promised, and we parted. You will not care to hear of my journey homeward, nor of the warm hearts that met me there; so I will pass quickly over the next two years. I had received a letter from Warner, telling me of his arrival in New York; and now once more we are in the sitting-room at Elmwood. As I entered Mrs. Howard, looking up from her work, said,

"Harry, do tell me if you heard the Rev. Stewart Edgerton preach while you were in England?"

"I inwardly thanked my good fortune that the question was so framed; and upon replying in the negative, Mrs. Howard continued,

"Dr. Morton was here to-day and told me the Rev. Mr. Edgerton, an English clergyman, was to preach for him to-morrow. I thought perhaps you might have heard him while you were abroad."

The morrow came, and I walked beside Marion to church with a beating heart. As we entered the new clergyman was kneeling at the desk; he rose, and his full, rich voice broke the stillness, with the words,

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

I stole one glance at Marion. Her full, dark eyes were fixed fully upon him; the color came and went rapidly in her cheek; and one hand was pressed upon her heart, as if to still its beating. We kneeled; she did the same, mechanically, and all through the service those full eyes never turned from the object of their gaze. The opening sentence was chosen for the text, and the speaker, with the eloquence of a cultivated mind, and with all the fervor of a practical Christian, portrayed the deceitfulness of the human heart, its disinclination to humble itself before God, its arrogance in overlooking his revealed will, and then humbly alluded to himself as once having wandered in the mazes of unbelief; but now, by

God's grace, endeavoring to set before others the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was too much for the poor heart by my side; the conviction of his identity had been slowly forcing itself upon her, and now the joy was too great, and for the first time in her life Marion fainted. Warner did not attempt to see her till the following day, and then he poured into her delighted ear the history of his life.

"To you, under God, dear Marion, do I owe the first serious impressions I ever received; these deepened at the death-bed of Col. Edgerton, whose last words were, 'What hath it profited me that I have gained riches and lost my own soul?' How great the contrast between that and my wife's dying bed! Hers was the triumphant death of the righteous; and then and there I vowed to dedicate myself to God's service, and in my English home endeavor to benefit the people whom my old friend had left in my care. And now, dearest, may I not confess how my heart clung to the hope, that *she* who once vowed to 'walk the path of life alone, rather than with one who knew not God,' might now consent to tread the path with me, to be my earthly guiding star? will you, Marion?"

What her answer was you may learn by standing with us again in the little village church, where the morning sun peeped in upon two happy couples bound together by those vows which only death can sever—Warner and Marion, the bright eyes I once almost told you about and myself; and in a few days our happy little party were merrily bounding over the deep blue sea to visit Warner's English home.

IMPERISHABILITY OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"The actions done

In time, the deeds of reasonable men;
As if engraven with pen of iron grain
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged,
Writ on the varied pages of the past:
If good, in rosy characters of love;
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire."

ACTION is a necessity imposed upon man by the very conditions of his nature; for to that end he was born. But, though *act* he *must*, yet it is a deeply-solemn thing for him to act. This deep and grave solemnity grows out of the fact that he may not act *right*. Furnished with both the subjective and objective capabilities for proper moral action in the world as he is, and thus qualified to solve the problem of a high destiny in the present life and in the life to come, yet, by default of proper action in the sphere of

duty, he may fail to be equal to the responsibilities of existence, and, thus failing, forfeit every thing sacred to his interests in time and eternity. We have only to look around us to see how many splendid moral wrecks there are in the world, to be profoundly impressed with the conviction that where so many have failed in moral action to measure up to their high capabilities for doing noble things for God and humanity, we should be, as moral agents, appreciatively and solemnly alive to duty in what we do in the world.

The single consideration that the impress of eternity is upon every moral action, should make us profoundly and constantly concerned about acting right in all we do. Although necessity of action is ever upon us, yet we need never act other than right; and, because we need never act other than right, it becomes us to see that we make our true impression on the moral history of the world in which we live. As our "works do follow us," and are, therefore, an ever-living, potential moral force in the world, it is a matter of vast importance to us that our *works* be such as are worthy of an immortality beneath the skies!

If moral actions are imperishable—and that they are revelation and reason both affirm—then is it, indeed, a sad thing for many of the world's actors that they have acted in such obliviousness of this fact. Having said and done so much that is *wrong*, and the result of their moral actions having passed into the current and imperishable history of the world, terrible indeed are the retributions which attend on the same in the world to come. "By thy *words* shalt thou be *condemned*," is a declaration of unutterable solemnity, as revealing the moral basis upon which all such characters shall ultimately lose heaven and secure eternal death. "They that have *done evil*"—doing evil the only cause of final ruin—alone are destined to the fate of perdition! Certainly a dark and starless future is before all such as are oblivious of the far-reaching and almost illimitable results of wrong moral action in the world.

The fact, then, that human actions are as imperishable as the soul itself, and that they have not only an undying history in heaven, but a tremendous history of consequences upon the destinies of the race, furnishes the weightiest conceivable argument why we should ponder well the path of our feet, and seek to know with absolute certainty that we are acting in full view of the great moral interests to be affected by our action. If what we do is constantly reproducing itself in the lives and characters of others, we have in this inevitable fact the highest incentive placed before us, not simply to do no harm to our

fellows, but to make our actions a vast and telling power for good to them. This was the great idea of the Savior when he uttered those sublime words, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your *good works* and glorify your Father which is in heaven." According to this men were to "SEE"—what by consent of reason could only result from the operation of a divine principle upon the human heart—"GOOD WORKS;" and thus witnessing this crowning evidence of the divinity and moral excellency of religion, the effect of the same might prove their salvation. Christianity needs no higher proof of its superhuman nature than that which is developed in the character and moral action of its genuine subjects; for not more certainly has creative energy made the stars the diadem of night, than has divine power originated those *good works* which beautify and gem the life of piety! To behold God's majesty written upon the one is to see his glory reflected in the other!

The influence of right moral action upon humanity is seen from this circumstance to be immense and incalculable. If "one sinner destroyeth much good;" if the life of one man in its bearings upon the moral welfare of the race evolves a train of such mischievous results, the converse of this truth is certainly one of vast encouragement to the good man. Such a character should gather a mighty inspiration from the fact that he has the God-given power to brighten the diadems of eternity, and add to the population and triumphs of the skies! Surely there is motive enough in this thought to kindle the zeal and intensify the energy of an archangel, if his activities could have any possible relation to such a result, as every good man on earth may aspire to. The worth of one true man to the world is a question which no arithmetic of earth can answer. He may "save a soul from death," and to determine the result of such a triumph of his moral power in such a case, would be to ascertain the resources of heaven on the one hand to make a soul happy, and the capabilities of perdition to make a soul miserable on the other! Both of these great items—the possibilities of happiness or misery to a human spirit in eternity—belong to this question concerning the results of human action! Thus it is evident that the worth of one true man to the world is incalculable, since it is his mission instrumentally to save souls from death by means of his moral power.

While none but the good can rejoice in the fact of the imperishability of human actions, yet to the child of heaven this thought is one of glorious sublimity; it is the pledge of his immortality on earth, after he has ascended to the immor-

talidity of the skies! His work done, and his mark made upon the world, he may joyfully resign the life of earth for the crown of eternity, happy in the consciousness that the moral man will live forever. What he has done to bless the world and recover it back to its original purity and happiness can never die, because virtue is immortal. Righteous Abel, the first in the sacred list of martyrs, is still living—living in all the power and influence of a piety and example that can never die. Though he sleeps in the first grave that was opened in the earth, "he yet speaketh." Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, although they have long since sat down in the kingdom of our heavenly Father, are still speaking in trumpet-toned utterances to a dying world. Moses, Joshua, and Caleb, whose labor did so much to bless humanity while our earth was the theater of their mighty deeds, are yet living in the moral history of the world. Peter, James, and Paul, though long since passed into the skies, are yet lending, by the silent power of their lives and labors, giant influences toward the world's redemption. The early confessors and martyrs of Christianity, whose spirits towered up from the block, or flames, or cross, to the skies, can never die. Luther, Wesley, and Whitefield, not to mention scores of the honored names of the Church, are still impersonated in their mighty toils and activities to redeem a world of sinners lost. Living for their own times, they lived for all futurity of time!

Glorious, indeed, is the thought of living on earth—living, too, to hurry it up to the period of its millennial history and glory—after we have entered upon the rest of heaven. If orators have spoken, philosophers have written, poets have sung, and warriors have bled for the distinctions and fame of earth, how infinitely more sublime are the motives which underlie the actions of the child of God! His is an ambition whose highest aim is to help to lay a redeemed world at the feet of the Lord of lords and King of kings! Well may he toil on in the cause of religion and virtue, since no effort he has ever put forth, and no good act he has ever done, can fail to be potent for good while the sun and moon endure. The names of kings and nobles, philosophers and scholars, orators and warriors will yet perish, together with the monuments reared in the vain hope of making them immortal; but the deeds of the Christian will live in their power to do good down to the last vibration of the clock of time!

Living for the future as well as the present, pious reader, let us see to it that we live right. If, in the finished history of our earthly lives, we would not have even "a line, which, dying, we

would wish to blot," let our action on life's great battle-field, and our record upon the moral history of the world, be such as we could wish to be imperishable!

"Rouse to this work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the world while in the world above;
The good, begun by thee, shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few, fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal
bowers."

A DAY AT MINNEHAHA.

BY REV. PROF. E. E. EDWARDS.

A DAY at Minnehaha! Can I share the pleasure with my reader? It is not a long journey; it is only a few hundred miles at farthest. You need not wait for the lazy steamboat, or creeping rail-car, but in that other vehicle that no Fulton or Fitch ever invented, compared with whose speed

"The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light,"

you may traverse the intervening space till you arrive

"At the region of the west wind,
Of the north-west wind, Rewaydin."

You are now in "the land of the Dacotahs." The wilderness, however, has fled away. The landscape is dotted with farms, and the green and quiet valleys are sold by the acre. How prosaic! the pleasant nooks, the groves, the picturesque rocks belong henceforth to Smith, or Jones, or Brown, and no more may the lover of nature, whether he be poet, or plumed Dacotah, find an unappropriated spot. Even in apparent solitude, the traveler may discover, half-hidden among ferns and grasses, the stakes marking the limits of a future city.

But these we do not seek. We have come to look upon the unvailed face of Laughing-Water, to sit for a summer's day at the feet of Minnehaha.

How musical the sound of the falling waters! It is not a deafening roar, like that of Niagara; it is rather suggestive of the muffled hum of far-off human voices, or the murmur of bees. It lulls the soul into a sweet and drowsy calm, in which the every-day world with its cares is quite forgotten.

The picture before you is one of rare beauty. There is a bit of blue sky, a pearl-hued sheet of water flowing smoothly over a precipice, and,

surrounding all, a frame-work of living green; for the foliage is dense, and our first glimpse of the fall is through a net-work of leaves. Perhaps you may not think of a diamond flashing light from an emerald clasp, or a cameo, cut from sky and rock, and falling water, that while falling still seems immovable; yet at first glance you experience a singular illusion. As seen from beneath, there is but a small portion of sky visible, and against this fragment of blue the crest of the fall seems projected, as though, laying perspective aside as a useless and troublesome adjunct, the waters were falling from some summer-cloud, that is hanging over to accommodate the fancy of the observer. The precipice is draped with verdure kept green by the ascending spray. Long grass, such as you have seen swept along by an overflowing meadow-stream, fringes the channel, as if to smooth a passage for the descending floods. The precipice, below the verge, is in shadow, and arches over, leaving a space wide enough for a foot-path between it and the fall.

It is not a sublime thought, and yet it has been suggested with some truthfulness, that the form of the fall is much the same as that produced by pouring water from a bowl into a basin. To make the resemblance complete, the edge of the bowl should be fringed with the most delicate and graceful verdure; mosses should deck the margin, and wild flowers sparkle among them. And the basin below should have a border of pebbles for the tiny waves to beat against. This would be a miniature Minnehaha. But Minnehaha itself is a miniature—one of those small, perfect works of Nature which charm us all the more because they are not grand and overpowering, but simply beautiful.

Such is Minnehaha—a pure, smooth sheet of water, that seems to carry with it, as it pours over the rock in a graceful curve, part of the greenness of the trees and blueness of the sky.

What wonder is it that this simple, unassuming waterfall should become a Mecca to the lovers of the beautiful in nature! Hither comes the teacher, escaped from the school-room; hither comes the man of business to glance, for a moment, at the bright vision; hither come poet, and artist, and traveler, and the rest of mankind, to see "how comes the water down at Lodore."

Is there such a thing as solitude at Minnehaha? We have happened here on a gala-day. There is a perpetual throng of visitors. They crown the rocks above; they thread the vale below; they pass under the fall; they are astonished, delighted. An individual of a poetic turn of mind is sitting on the trunk of a reclining tree, and seems to be reading in a copy of *Hiawatha*. He

is perhaps following the fortunes of the gentle Indian maiden, as she went with Hiawatha

"Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'"

An artist, with the usual eccentricities of beard and costume, is clambering over the rocks, followed closely by a crowd of boys. Lastly comes a brass band in gay red uniforms. They rush down the narrow path and plant themselves on a rustic bridge a few rods below the fall. They place their brazen instruments to their lips, but only give utterance to two or three discordant notes, and then, as if abashed at their impudence, retire, and the mightier music of the falling flood goes on without a discord.

But what new desecration is this? The boys, wearied of following the artist, have diversified the entertainment by crowding a dog over the fall. You may see the poor brute pawing the descending waters, a new "Canis Major," the very image of the old constellation in the celestial map. Luckily a fall of fifty feet does not prove fatal. Minnehaha deals gently with the persecuted animal, which crawls out of the rapid waters looking woeful enough, but unharmed.

Minnehaha has a melodious name. It would be just as beautiful with a homelier appellation, but the poetic interest which the word puts in such a place could not be so well expressed. I remember a beautiful water-fall in central Indiana that is literally consigned to oblivion by a prosy and meaningless name. It is not the equal of Minnehaha, for it lacks its exquisite proportions, but it still presents a pleasing picture, and seen, as it was once my good fortune to see it, when its yellow rocks were crowned with sear and yellow leaves, and its ascending mists seemed to melt into the haze of an Indian summer day, it can not be forgotten; but what charm can relieve it from the odium of a commonplace name? It will utter mournful music to the rocks and hills, as if complaining of the neglect of man, while Minnehaha will sing like a prima donna to listening thousands.

Coates Kinney speaks musically and truthfully on this subject of names:

"Call not cataract a rapid
That has leaped its way from heaven,
By his own name, curt and rapid,
That some Saxon boor hath given;
But let Nature keep her titles;
Let her name the quick cascade
Minnehaha—laughing-water,

In the language she has made.
Minnehaha—how it gushes
Like a flow of laughter out!
Minnehaha—how it rushes
Downward with a gleeful shout!
Minnehaha!—to the echoes—
Minnehaha! back the same—
Minnehaha! Minnehaha!
Keep forever thy sweet name."

Here, as elsewhere, "the mighty mingles with the mean." Within a few rods of the fall is a board shanty, where, by a vile play upon words, "laughing-water" is advertised for sale at a few cents per drink. This is a desecration, but Minnehaha, beautiful as the Undine of fairy story, girded with rainbows and fringed with diamonds, is sublimely indifferent, and still the music of the fall goes on as when, in ages past,

"By the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chaledony."

Beautiful Minnehaha! I saw her once with a rainbow about her head, and the mist and spray folded about her like silken robes: never was queen more royally arrayed. She seemed at once an emblem of beauty and purity. It was no longer strange that lovers should join hands in her presence while the voice of the minister proclaimed—his voice blending with the music of the falling flood—"What God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

Not long since an eminent Chicago divine visited the fall and returned to his busy, bustling, money-loving city, and preached a sermon with "Minnehaha" for a text. Others than he have found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," and could it be amiss in him to turn one Sabbath from angular controversial topics to the rejoicing waters for a theme? There are sermons in Minnehaha, not dry, soporific discourses, whose chief merit lies in the fact of their having a conclusion, but sermons full of poetry, of pathos, and of power, that reach the heart of him

"Who looks through nature up to nature's God."

We can no longer listen to the voice of this western Undine; we grow weary of watching the scattering pearls and rising spray. The rainbows have faded, the diamond necklace worn by the peerless beauty is lusterless, the sun has gone down and left us alone among the gathering shadows. The voice of the falling waters is still the same, and greets the ear like low, musical laughter, or an *audible smile*. Excuse the figure. I have for it the high authority of Mrs. Browning, who says, speaking of angels,

"I ween their blessed smile is heard;"

and in like manner smiles Minnehaha through the shadows of the night. We have not time to quarrel with Mrs. Browning about figures of speech. The *audible smile* is not as meaningless as the "thunder of white silence," an expression that disfigures one of her poems. But we are losing sight of Minnehaha. As we pass away over undulating prairie-lands the murmur of the fall grows fainter and dies upon the ear—

"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

BY MARY A. HARLOW.

THE cause of life's happy and disastrous events is the subject of many speculations. The most popular is, that Fortune is all powerful, and dispenses her favors and her curses to whom she will, regardless of truth and virtue on the one hand, and error and impurity on the other.

In the light of this theory heroism, self-sacrifice, and Christianity, upon her altar, are unacceptable offerings. No voluntary acts can secure her favors; but each suitor, like lottery patrons, must await a pleasant or unhappy issue. Intellect is not essential to her favor. She calls forth no forsaken gems from the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." Crime may dwell in palaces, shame be covered with golden tinsel, and the utterly brainless bask in the sunlight of her capricious smiles.

The beautiful are accounted her especial favorites. She reserves for them the most honored seats within her splendid court, and for their charms rewards them with happiness. Every thing that man calls great and desirable comes through her bounty. She fosters the pride and ambition of earth; creates thrones, titles, and dominions; and, in a word, is the estimable author of happiness.

These, and similar conclusions, are entertained respecting life's events; thus making the reward of the worthy not the price of self-exertion and devotion to honor, but the free gift of the goddess of fortune. This theory holds out no encouragement to the humble heart that hopes to gain eminence by its own struggles. It does not recognize the power of the human will to overcome all opposing obstacles and *force* Fortune into obedience to its commands. Said Brutus upon the field of Philippi:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Here is embodied a more genial interpretation of life's mysteries. A way is opened before us which leads to success and honor. And what

though all do not possess the golden spell which commands admiration and worship? The voice of the soul whispers that happiness is not purchased by riches, honors, or adulation. All these may be allotted to the same person, and may fail to relieve his aching heart. For him fate has the same arrow as for others; death the same unquestioned right. If he has spoken lying vows, broken confiding hearts, oppressed the poor, or despised the claims of his God, a palace of gold shall not cover him from punishment.

Likewise beauty gains the homage of the world, but insures not blessings to its possessors. Visit the envied belle when the voices of mirth and flattery are silent, and she has only solitude for her companion. Vain is her attempt to still the fires of pride, vanity, and ambition by calmness and repose. Conscience has power to make the softest couch a bed of thorns. Few persons, whatever may be their station, are so exempt from common joys and blessings as to find no flowers blossoming by life's pathway. They spring up from smiles, sweet words, and tender sympathies. The young mother rests upon her homespun pillow and praises God for the gift of her first-born. Riches shall never impose on him its cares, nor luxury contaminate his heart. Happy mother! Fortune is not unkind to thee while thou canst look upon earth's splendors as a mockery. So in thousands of humble homes are the blessings of peace and happiness. Here, too, not unfrequently, are the dwelling-places of genius. Heroes are not always found in the thickest of life's battle. A cottage in the wilderness may contain some "mute, inglorious Milton." Had the hero of our Independence never left the walks of private life, in his retirement he would have been animated by the heart of the great Washington.

To be great and happy, then, does not necessarily imply the existence of riches. There is a spirit within us that determines our destiny. Upon the turbid ocean of life we encounter many a threatening tempest. If we will, that spirit shall bear us safely above every billow. But if we sigh for the good which is blindly called fortune, or, possessing it, neglect to create riches in our hearts, in vain will have been our earthly pilgrimage.

This great truth should be received with the consideration which it deserves. Especially should it take a prominent place in the education of childhood. While the young are being dazzled by the splendor of the rich, and, in imagination, are placing themselves in similar positions, mingling with their dreams and aspirations should be the conviction that the *good* alone are Fortune's favorites.

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET A. PAINE.

WHO can tell of all the sweet life which bubbles up from the heart of a child? Can we measure the song of a bird, or define the aroma of flowers? And yet the bird enchants us, and the gentle flowers delight us. So we feel the sweet influence of children in our homes. Their buoyant and rosy health, their artlessness and glee, win for them a place in our hearts which would be void without them. How their wondering souls look confidently out to ours from their earnest eyes! What glad surprise when new truths dawn on their minds! What strange meanings do their little brains conjure up! It is only in life's sunny dawning that the heart is most fresh, and frank, and confiding. Did you ever notice the introduction of children when they first meet each other? A look and smile, which lights up a returning look and smile from the little stranger, and they are friends. Love unites those artless souls, and happily it is sealed with a rosy kiss, and perhaps a gurgling of frank words—"I like you."

Is it not a joy to think of the sweet trust they repose in us? How their little, loving hearts are swayed to grief or glee by one word or glance from us! Ah! the gentle mother knows this as she quietly soothes the impulsive, restless child, or sweetly approves of every little success. How many of us can revert to our childish days, as the time when all sweet affections bud and blossom in the home sunshine? How the dear sympathies of a loving mother have encouraged us in our school-tasks—in our varied little trials! The kind reproof; the patient bearing with our freaks and frolics; the words of cheer; the daily recognition of the divine Father; the little, trusting prayers which our childish lips were taught to repeat; the sweet "good-night"—all these, and more, are the scenes by which the young soul is fashioned.

Children, by their sweet sympathies and winning caresses, by their mirth and joy, their merry laugh and frolic, by all that completes the life of careless innocence, are earth's sweetest ministries to the pure life beyond. They give to the troubled and care-worn fresh gleams of a happy and cheerful life. They are *earth's angels*, winning us back to the heaven from which we have sadly strayed.

We never meet one of these little ones, not even the ragged children on the street, but we see the angel of love looking out from those bright eyes. God bless them! They are the sweetest episode of life's history. Would that none of human discords might mar them; then

would their life-song be one of angel sweetness. But the highest, holiest song which ever enraptured the living soul would be wanting—gratitude for *redeeming* love! With what *passing* loveliness has Jesus shown his love for children!—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbids them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms he said unto them, Whosoever receiveth one of such children in my name, receiveth me." Are they not ministers for good? "A little child shall lead them."

KITTY.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

WHEN the wild flowers bloomed
On the green hill-side,
And blushed by the sweet singing rill,
Sweet Kitty, I said,
Will you, love, be my bride?
And Kitty she whispered, I will,
I will;
Sweet Kitty she whispered, I will.

When summer with silver
Had tasseled the birch,
O! 't was with a rapturous thrill
We stole o'er the green
To the little white church,
Where Kitty again said, I will,
I will;
Sweet Kitty again said, I will.

When autumn had stolen
The breath from the flowers,
A shadow crept over the sill,
And Kitty went out
From that bright home of ours,
To the church-yard, so lone and so still,
So still;
So mournfully dreary and still.

Some time when the wintery
Wild winds blow,
And sweep the dead leaves from the hill,
I'll lay me down there
'Neath the cold drifting snow,
Where Kitty lies dreamless and still,
So still;
Sleeping so dreamless and still.

But up where the summer
Days never grow cold,
Nor zephyrs turn heavy and chill,
My sweet, sainted bride,
To my heart I'll infold
With a holy and heavenly thrill,
I will,
And Kitty will love me there still.

WEEP not that the world changes; did it keep
A stable, changeless course, 't were cause to weep.

OLD MEMORIES.

BY LILY LICHEN.

I sit on the grass beneath the oak
And hear the river flow,
And watch the wreaths of curling smoke
Float up from the village below.

From the dim, old woods that skirt the plain—
Where the sun goes up at morn—
Through the fair, wide fields of whitening grain,
And the ranks of tasseled corn,

Far up the slope of the sunny hill
There speaks to my listening ear
The summer wind with its tremulous trill,
The same I used to hear.

But not the same as of long ago
Are the words of the song it sings;
All the joy of life seemed hovering low,
Like a dove with half-spread wings.

And I stretched my hands for the radiant prize
In the warmth of my wayward glee,
And dreamed, as it flashed on my childish eyes,
That mine it should always be.

Alas! alas! for the weary years,
With their sad and sure decay,
They have dimmed my eyes with dust and tears,
And my bird has flown away.

My hands that were tireless through all the day,
Are hardened with labor now,
And the gold of my hair has turned to gray,
And wrinkles are on my brow.

I have climbed o'er long and rugged slopes,
With trembling and with fear,
And all along are the graves of hopes
I have buried year by year.

But not alone on my wearied frame
The touch of time has told;
In the fruitless struggle for wealth and fame
My heart has been growing old.

So the river may be as clear and bright,
As it flows to the far-off sea,
But it can not bring the vanished light,
Or waken the olden glee.

And the voice of the wind may swell as strong,
Or murmur as soft and low,
But it can not sing the same old song
It sang in the long ago.

A REQUIEM.

BY HON. HORACE P. BIDDLE.

Thy soul its wings unfurled,
And we're alone,
For thou art gone
To the still world!

This is thy place of rest,
Through hope and fear
Thou comest here
To be God's guest.

The seasons will return;
Flowers will bloom
Around thy tomb,
Still we shall mourn!

We laid thee in the sod,
And lowly here,
With many a tear,
Left thee with God!

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I see it still; long years possess no power
To blot the cherished memory from my heart;
I've pondered its lost beauties, hour by hour,
Until they of my being seem a part.

There's not a flower that fringed the garden path
But to my mind is living, blooming yet;
No humble daisy but its sweetness hath
A home-like charm that I can ne'er forget.

The hemlock bending o'er the garden wall,
The mossy stone beneath its tufted shade,
Where oft I watched the evening shadows fall,
And traced the forms the quivering branches made,
The rose-trees that above the cottage door
Linked their green boughs all starred with fragrant bloom,

The very hue the dark brown homestead wore,
The cheerful light in every pleasant room—
All these are memories that with passing time
Grow stronger; happy memories that bring
The cadence sweet of many a household rhyme,
The merry strains that childhood loves to sing.

For me those songs have now a sad refrain;
An undertone blends with the music sweet,
Voices that I shall never hear again,
Smiles that, on earth, I never more shall meet.

A mother's love no more will haste to bless,
With welcome sweet, the weary child's return,
To soothe each pain and care with soft caress,
And gild with hope life's lesson sad and stern.

Often I sit, as daylight gently dies,
And call the happy hours of childhood back,
Choosing alone the pleasures that arise,
The golden spots along life's varied track.

The plays, the task, the lesson learned at school,
The pranks mischievous that still make me smile,
The speechless dread of some forgotten rule,
The sports we tried, such terror to beguile,

The prayers around the hearth at morn and even,
The care that curbed our will at every turn,
The gentle hands that pointed us to heaven,
The catechism that we could never learn,

Rough tumbles 'mid the freshly-ripened hay,
Wild frolics 'neath the orchard's laden trees,
The long, cold search for flowers in early May—
These are among my childhood's memories.

Dearest of all, to me than life more dear,
The loved, loved voice that's now forever still,
The fair, sweet face, the sympathetic tear,
The low, green grave beside the sheltering hill.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY.—“*As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him.*” Deut. xxxii, 11, 12.

The passage suggests two introductory thoughts:

1. *The spiritual function of nature.* What is the grand moral office of the visible creation? To reveal God. The visible is the mirror of the infinite Invisible. God reveals himself through creature existences. No words can fully reveal him. There is no part of nature, however humble, that does not reveal something of him. He compares himself to the “rock”—the “sun,” the “lion,” the “eagle,” etc. Each shows a divine something; but all—the whole universe, can only reflect a few rays of the infinite Sun.

2. *Man's great duty in relation to nature.* What is that? To study it: study it not merely to discover riches, formulate sciences, etc., but to see God. If God made every thing to reveal something of himself, we should look at every thing with this view—look at the universe as a gallery filled with pictures of God—pictures, not of his person, but of his attributes, tendencies, relations. Natural history is a glorious Bible—a Bible, however, unstudied by the millions. It is God's first scripture; but few have ever rightly read it.

The subject of the words before us is *The spiritual discipline of humanity.*

I. THAT THE GREAT END OF THE SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY IS TO SECURE THE RIGHT ACTION OF OUR POWERS. The “eagle stirreth up her nest” in order to induce the young ones to use their energies. Naturalists tell us that when the eaglets are old enough to fly, the kind and industrious parent breaks up the nest and forces them to fly to some neighboring crag. The object is to induce them to make use of their own powers. This God says he did with the Israelites. Man's powers are either inactive, or wrongly active; in either case he tends to ruin. What is right action? Let us take the answer from the incident before us. 1. *It is a constitutionally-befitting action.* What does the parent bird require of her eaglets to do? Just that which they are made to do—put their little pinions into action and mount toward the sun. We are made to love, study, and serve God. 2. *It is a self-reliant action.* The parent bird seeks to make her young ones trust their own powers. Self-reliance is not self-sufficiency. Self-reliance is the condition of progress, and implies a trust in moral principles and in God. 3. *It is a di-*

vinely-prompted action. The parent bird prompts the young one by her “fluttering,” etc. God must prompt us before ever we shall act aright. He gives the impulse.

II. THAT THE MEANS OF THE SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY INVOLVE A VARIETY OF DIVINE ACTION. “Stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings,” etc. 1. *Here is a stimulating action.* It is said that the eagle breaks up her nest to induce the eaglets to fly. Is not this a picture of God's dealing with his people? Abraham, the Jews in Egypt, the disciples on account of the first persecution, are examples. He takes health, property, friends, children away, to stir us up to action. 2. *Here is an exemplary action.* The parent “fluttereth over them” to show them how to use their wings. God teaches by example. The pillar was an example in the wilderness. Christ is our example now. In Christ we see how we can act, and ought to act. 3. *Here is a protecting action.* “Spreadeth abroad her wings.” It is said that when she finds her young ones weary or unwilling, she spreads her wings, takes her brood upon her back and soars with them aloft. In order to exercise their strength, she then shakes them off; and when she finds that their pinions flag or that an enemy is near, she darts beneath them with surprising skill, and at once restores their strength, and places her body between her young and the danger that threatens them. What a striking representation of God's protecting care is this!

III. THAT THE GENIUS OF THE SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE OF HUMANITY IS EVER THAT OF PARENTAL AFFECTION. What but the parental instinct of kindness stimulated the parent bird to do all this? That kind instinct is an emanation and divine reflection of the feeling which the great Father has for his countless offspring. That parental love is the spirit of the disciplinary system under which we live is evident from numerous Scriptures.

If the parental affection is the spirit of discipline, two practical conclusions follow: 1. *That there should be on our part a cordial acquiescence.* Our Father knows what is best. He knows what we require. 2. *That there should be on our part an endeavor to realize the end of discipline.* Job felt this. Job xxiii, 10. Psalm lxvi, 10-12.

If we are nestling down in material comforts, O eternal Spirit, do thou, like the imperial bird, chosen symbol of thyself, break up our resting-places, force us to the right use of our energies, and guide us into the sunny realms of thine own glory!

THE PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.—“*And the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord. And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. But lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea.*” Exodus xiv, 10, 15, 16.

If Moses had not had God to look to at this trying juncture, when, after having led from Egypt the unarmed tribes, the waters of the Red Sea rose before them, while the chariots of Pharaoh and his mighty men closely pursued behind—if he had been a stranger to prayer, in such circumstances Moses must have been miserable indeed! For through his agency the children of Israel had left Egypt, and now they seemed likely to perish in the desert.

The Israelites cried unto the Lord openly and audibly, and it was right they should. Public calamities ought ever to be met by public humiliation; but probably Moses, that meek man, did not lead the devotions of the people, for at the time he was the reverse of popular; nevertheless, his prayer went up with theirs, and, eminently typical of him whom “the Father heareth always,” it was to his individual cry in the midst of that vast multitude that God responded. “Who touched me?” asked the Lord Jesus Christ, at a moment when the multitudes thronged and pressed him on every side; and “Wherefore criest thou unto me?” said God, at a time when the voice of a whole nation was loudly invoking divine assistance.

It is not here necessary to go minutely through the details of the mighty deliverance wrought by God on this occasion for his people. Every one conversant with Bible history is familiar with it; but every one may not have remarked its connection with the prayer—the unrecorded but implied prayer of Moses. “Wherefore criest thou unto me?” said God; and that very night, for “he holdeth the wind in his fist,” he sent a strong wind, and caused the waters of the Red Sea to recede on either side, so that Israel might go through on dry ground; and when Pharaoh and his host dared to pursue the favored people, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

One idea particularly is suggested by the passage of Scripture just considered; it is this—the immense value of *individual prayer* in the midst of the congregation. Honored be the statesman who, when the sword of war or of pestilence is unsheathed, is not ashamed to counsel his country to place itself, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, behind the shield of the Almighty! And a goodly and an imposing sight it is to witness a whole assembly bowed before God; but in such an assembly what a large proportion of apparent worshipers merely go through a form, and leave the building in which they had congregated without having communed with God! Alas, that it should be so! Still—wonderful condescension!—answers are accorded to those public supplications; but chiefly, it is probable, with reference to those—known of God—who, thinly sprinkled through the crowd, and scarcely conscious of its presence, are there simply “to see Jesus”—those who, isolated within themselves in that crowd,

hold secret, direct, individual intercourse with him, spreading before him their own and their country's woes. They are the salt of that large assembly, and to the low “Abba, Father” of each of those subdued hearts the Father of spirits responds, “Wherefore criest thou unto me?”

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.—“*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.*” Psal. cxvii, 4.

A mother was amusing herself with her child, who might be about two years and a half old. After giving it the breast, and fondling and kissing it, she asked, Shall I now die? and, suiting the action to the word, closed her eyes and lay motionless and still. The child gazed at her for a while, and then began to weep bitterly, as if some dreadful thing had happened. On this she pretended suddenly to revive, addressed some sprightly words to the little one, kissed it more affectionately than before, and the consequence was, that now it sobbed and wept for joy, as it had previously done for sorrow. Gotthold was present and could scarce refrain from weeping too. He reflected: This is just what sometimes takes place between myself and God. Under outward and inward temptations I lose all sense of his comfort, help, and protection, and then it seems to my burdened heart as if he were dead. In the end, however, I always find that he has intended merely to try my faith, love, prayers, tears, and aspirations. And O, how great is my delight when he once more sheds upon me the immeasurable flood of his loving-kindness and grace!

I recollect, proceeded Gotthold, on the same occasion, having been told the following story: A prudent and pious lady observing her husband deeply dejected on account of some misfortune which had befallen him, so that he could not sleep at night for care, pretended in the morning to be still more disconsolate than he, and gave way to lamentations and tears. As she had spoken cheerily to him the evening before, and exhorted him to dismiss his sorrow, he was astonished and asked the cause of her sudden grief. Hesitating a little, she replied that she had been dreaming, and that it seemed to her that a messenger had come from heaven and brought the news that God was dead, and that all the angels were weeping. “Foolish woman,” said the husband, “you know right well that God can not die!” “Indeed,” replied the wife, “and if that be so certain, how comes it that you are now indulging your sorrow as immoderately as if he really did no longer exist, or, at least, as if he was unable to set measure and bounds to our affliction, or mitigate its severity, or convert it into a blessing? My dear husband, learn to trust in him, and to sorrow like a Christian. Think of the old proverb,

‘What need to grieve,
If God still live?’ ”

Verily, my Father, didst thou not live, I would not myself wish to live another hour! And if sometimes thou seemest to be dead, I will not cease to rouse thee with my prayers and tears till I sensibly experience again that thou art the health of my countenance and my God.

Notes and Queries.

ITALIC LETTERS IN THE BIBLE.—We have sometimes heard the words, printed in italic letters in our version of the Bible, read as *emphatic*. Generally they are the least emphatic of all the words in the verse; and they are not so printed to mark emphasis, but to show what words in the translation are supplied in the English text and necessary to the English idiom, but not necessary to the sense in the Hebrew or Greek idioms, and therefore not found in the original. When the word **LORD** is found in the Old Testament printed in capital letters, it is a translation of the Hebrew word *Jehovah*. W.

ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF NEBRASKA.—On the upper Missouri there exists a tract of land known by the name of the "*Mauvaises Terres*," or Bad Lands, at one time probably the bottom of an immense lake in which perished thousands of animals having now no representative on earth. It appears that the waters of this pond were removed in some convulsions of nature, and the sediment at its bottom became indurated. The portion of the earth thus excavated forms a valley of ninety miles in length by thirty in breadth. The remains of animals which lived and breathed long before the advent of man upon the earth, are here found in such abundance as to form of this tract an immense cemetery of vertebrata. The bones are said to be completely petrified, and their cavities filled with silicious matter. They are preserved in various degrees of integrity, some being beautifully perfect, and others broken.

Two remarkable species of rhinoceros, the first ever found in America, were discovered here, and also a sort of panther, smaller than the present variety—and likewise a number of strange animals with long names, unlike any thing which man ever saw alive. We know, then, that there were once individuals in Nebraska, as curious, and strangely shaped, and pugnacious, as any squatter which the present rush of emigration will carry thither.

PRIDE AND EXCLUSIVENESS.—It is reported of the proud Duke of Somerset that he never stooped to speak to a servant, but signified his wants by signs. His children were not allowed to sit in his presence. In his afternoon nap, one of his daughters was required to stand by him as he slept. Lady Charlotte Seymour having once, when very tired, violated this etiquette, he left her in his will £2,000 less than her sister. His second wife once gave him an affectionate and familiar tap with her fan. "My first duchess," said the august noble, drawing himself haughtily up, "was a Percy, and she never would have taken such a liberty." The only titled and noble-blooded fool that ever excelled the Duke, as far as our knowledge extends, was that Spanish hidalgo who, having once fallen down, indignantly exclaimed, "This comes of walking on the earth!"

CHANGE IN THE MEANING OF WORDS.—The change in the habits, customs, and business of society is Vol. XX.—44

wonderfully illustrated in the gradual changes that have been made in the meaning of words. We subjoin a few curious specimens:

Climate.—At present, the temperature of a region, but once, a region itself.

Corpse.—Now used only for the body abandoned by the spirit of life, but once for the body of the living man equally as of the dead.

Desire.—"To desire" is only to look forward with longing, now the word has lost the sense of regret or looking back upon the lost but still loved.

Ensure.—None of our dictionaries, as far as we can observe, have taken notice of an old use of this word—namely, to betroth, and thus make *sure* the future husband and wife to each other.

Hag.—One of the many words which, applied formerly to both sexes, are now restrained only to one.

Mountebank.—Now *any* antic fool, but once restrained to the quack doctors, who, at fairs and such places of resort, having *mounted* on a *bank* or *bench*, from thence proclaimed the virtues of their drugs.

Ostler.—Not formerly, as now, the servant of the inn, having care of the horses, but the inn-keeper or host, the "hostler" himself.

Shrew.—There are at present no "shrews" save female ones; but the word, like so many others which we have met with, now restrained to one sex, was formerly applied to both.

Sonnet.—A "sonnet" now must consist of exactly fourteen lines, neither more nor less, and these with a fixed arrangement, though admitting a certain relaxation of the rhymes; but sonnet used often to be applied to any shorter poem, especially of an amatory kind.

Stove.—This word has much narrowed its meaning. Bath, hot-house, any room where air or water were artificially heated, was a "stove" once.

Tobaccoist.—Now the seller, once the smoker of tobacco.

Uncouth.—Now, unformed in manner, ungraceful in behavior; but once, simply unknown.

Wince.—Now to shrink or start away, as in pain, from a stroke or touch, but used always by our earliest authors in the sense of to kick.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LANGUAGE.—Language shares in all the vicissitudes of man. It reflects all the changes in the character and habits of a people, and shows how they progress or retrograde. The sense of a word gets altered by imperceptible degrees, till it comes to express a reverse signification. It is well known that the word *present*, in its Latin etymology, had the sense of anticipation, getting the start of, and not to oppose, to obstruct, as now it signifies. To *let* has turned completely about since the received version of the Bible, when it meant to oppose; now, to permit. *Man-stealing*, with the Romans, was called *plagium*; from thence it passed to designate literary theft. *Quaint*, according to original usage and deri-

vation, meant scrupulously exact, elegantly refined; now it is applied to what is odd, affected, and fantastic, a violation of the natural and tasteful.

Words get degraded. Thus *simple*, not double, took a strange metamorphose in giving us *simpleton*; *simplicity* still holds its charm. We elevate words from their physical relations to mental and spiritual ones. *Taste*, as applied to the sensibilities of the palate, has risen to express a fondness for chaste ornaments, neat arrangements, love of the fine arts, and belles-lettres. We also talk of intellectual pyrotechnics and moral gymnastics. We enlarge the circumference of words. *Civilisation* once applied only to the inhabitant of a city; *urbanity*, the manners of a city; *villain*, one living in a village. We limit and restrict the meaning of words. *Meat* was once applied to all kinds of food, now only to flesh. *Acre* meant any field of whatever size. *Furlong* was a furrow of any length. *Yard* denoted no exact measure. *Peck* and *gallon* were vague and unsettled quantities. Words that were used for both sexes are now applicable to only one. *Nephew* stood for grandchildren and lineal descendants. *Girl* designated all young persons.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.—The great mass of readers suppose the books of the New Testament appear in the order as written—that the Gospel of St. Matthew was first composed, and the Revelations last. This is a mistake. The following is well established to be the order in which the various parts came before the world: 1. St. Paul's epistles. 2. Epistle to the Hebrews. 3. The first three Gospels. 4. Epistle of St. James. 5. The Revelations. 6. Epistle of St. Peter. 7. Acts of the Apostles. 8. Gospel and Epistles of St. John. The last-named Gospel is not admitted as authentic by some who hold themselves as orthodox Christians.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—This word is in frequent use, but is not always correctly understood. Any thing which is peculiarly abstruse or absurd, which is highly metaphysical or intensely silly, which is so profound that no bottom can be discovered or so shallow that it can not even be skimmed, which contains the best lessons of wisdom or the shabbiest philosophy of the pretender, which is expressed in the simple language of Plato or the bombast of the modern newspaper scribbler, is indifferently called transcendental. But the true signification is this: The basis of Locke's philosophical system is that all knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses, and is to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding. This may be called the *sensuous* philosophy. Kant, on the contrary, denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest and universally-received truths are communicated to a faculty within the soul *transcending* the mere understanding, which he denominates pure reason, distinguishing it from the understanding. According to this system all perceptions of the true, the beautiful, and the good are revealed to the pure reason; while it is the province of the understanding to determine upon external things, such as facts, scientific laws, etc. This philosophy is named *transcendental*. W.

EASTER EGGS.—The question is sometimes asked, why eggs are eaten at Easter. The following extract from Hutchinson's History of Northumberland gives the answer. "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the feast of the Passover as a part of the furniture of the table with the Paschal lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on this day, as retaining the elements of future life, for an emblem of the resurrection. It seems as if the egg was thus decorated [by coloring, painting, etc.] for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence were over and festivity had taken place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, certified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave." Brand, in his Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain, adds: "The ancient Egyptians, if the resurrection of the body had been a tenet of their faith, would perhaps have thought an egg no improper hieroglyphical representation of it. The exclusion of a living creature by incubation, after the vital principle has lain a long while dormant or seemingly extinct, is a process so truly marvelous that, if it could be disbelieved, would be thought by some a thing as incredible to the full as that the Author of life should be able to reanimate the dead." W.

BURIAL IN A SITTING POSTURE.—I remember the funeral of a native African named Yarrow, which took place at Georgetown, adjacent to the city of Washington, in the United States, about twenty-five years ago. The deceased was very old—more than one hundred and twenty years of age—and had been brought direct from Africa nearly a century before. Yarrow had evidently been a person of importance in his native country. He spoke and wrote Arabic fluently and readily, and was a Mohammedan in his religious faith. He was buried, at his own urgent request, in a *sitting posture*.—*Eng. Notes & Queries*.

QUERIES.—*Commencement.*—Why are the closing days of a college year, when degrees are conferred and the annual festivals occur, called *commencements*? Q.

Words Signifying Two.—What is the exact meaning of and difference between the various words signifying two; such as couple, pair, brace, twin or twain, match, span, etc.? X.

Jake or Jake.—What is the derivation or origin of this word as a term of reproach? S.

Barbarian.—Herodotus, in the second book of his history, where he speaks of the Egyptians, says that they call all foreigners *barbarians*. Now, it is well known that this term was used by the Greeks to designate foreigners: must we therefore infer that the Greeks borrowed the word from the Egyptians? or does Herodotus mean that the Egyptians only used a term identical in meaning with that of the Greeks? What is the probable etymology of the word? S.

The Hebrew Priesthood.—What is the statute in the law of Moses requiring a specific age for the induction of the priests of the law to their sacerdotal office? C. A.

Children's Corner.

EYEBRIGHT AND THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.—Some of the most touching and beautiful teachings of the Savior were in the form of parables. And in all ages this style of composition has been peculiarly attractive to all classes. Children are especially fascinated with it. We have some very good sayings that are illustrated by the following story. One is, "Never borrow trouble." Another is, "Nothing venture, nothing have." Still another is found in the good book, which represents the irresolute man as shrinking under imaginary dangers, and exclaiming, "There is a lion in the way!" Now, children, read the story and then tell us whether you do not think the philosophy of Mr. Sparrow much better than that of old Gaffer Croak:

Once upon a time, in the great silver fir-tree by the shrubbery palings lived a little squirrel. All the summer he had spent with his parents among the beech-trees by the side of the avenue; but as the autumn came on they laid up a little store of nuts and beech-mast for him in a hole in one of the branches of the fir-tree, and told him that he was old enough now to take care of himself, and that this was to be his home.

Eyebright—for that was his name—rather liked the idea of being his own master. "Now," thought he, "I can travel to the thick wood that I can see across the wide field beyond the gate, and find out what sort of country that is. And I can play as often as I please with my cousin Lightfoot in the Scotch firs; and I can have acorns for breakfast and nuts for supper, just as I like best, without asking leave of any one. To be sure, I shall miss my parents a good deal; still, I can go and see them often, and they will sometimes visit me I hope."

So saying Eyebright tumbled head over heels half-way down the tree, and then went to his cupboard and took out a large double nut for his breakfast. While he was nibbling a hole in it with his sharp teeth he heard an ugly, hoarse voice near him; and looking up he saw Gaffer Croak—the old raven—sitting on a branch just above him. He was ruffling his dark feathers, that looked blacker than ever in the morning sun, and shaking his head now and then, as he let fall little short groans, that seemed to mean a great deal.

"Good morning, Gaffer," said Eyebright.

"Good!" quoth the raven: "bad, I should say to you—a very bad one to you, I should say."

And the old fellow began swinging to and fro, with his head on one side, and his large, bright eye fixed full on the little squirrel.

Eyebright left off nibbling his nut and scratched the side of his head with his long claw—he was so puzzled with the raven's manner. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked at length. "Why should this be a sad morning to me? Certainly my father and mother have left me; but we are often to meet; and now I may do as I please, and see a little of the world."

With which view of the subject Eyebright was so pleased that he went on again with his nut with vigor.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the raven—but it was n't a merry laugh at all. "And so you are to do as you please, now that you are left by yourself. But there's something besides pleasure in the world—there's care! And who is to care for you, do you think, now that your parents are gone?"

"O, they have left me quite a large store!" said Eyebright. "I sha'n't want any thing all the winter: and besides, I can pick up a little for myself during the autumn."

The raven sighed hoarsely, so as to blow off a little with-

ered spray near, which fell on Eyebright's pretty brown coat, which he instantly began brushing and cleaning.

"Ha!" said the raven, "you won't care about fine clothes soon, I can tell you. I know what a life you have got before you."

"But why?" asked the squirrel.

"Why!" said Croak. "Do n't you know that you are surrounded by enemies? As long as your parents were by to guard you, a fine life you led indeed! Now you must defend yourself."

Poor Eyebright felt quite alarmed at the raven's words, and still more at his voice and manner, which were indeed very ominous and gloomy. "I did n't know, I am sure, Mr. Croak," he said, humbly, "that I had any enemies. I have done no harm to any one that I know of."

"No enemies," said the raven, laughing his ugly laugh again—"have you never heard of men?"

"But I thought men liked us," said Eyebright, "and planted trees on purpose for us to live in and pick nuts off. 'T is true that I run away when I see them; but that is because they are so large, and walk so differently to us, that I do n't understand it."

"And have you ever heard a gun?" asked the raven significantly.

Eyebright trembled a little at this question, for he did recollect a terrible crash awaking him one day, when he was dozing at the top of the tree, and his mother calling to him to run into the hole, for that was a gun that was fired. And before he could reach the hole he had seen a black-bird, who had been singing sweetly but the minute before, fall screaming and fluttering to the ground! So that it was with a very grave voice that he replied yes, he had heard a gun once.

"Men carry guns!" said the raven, in a deep, hollow tone.

Eyebright shuddered and mentally beheld himself struggling and screaming like the poor black-bird.

"Have you ever seen cats?" continued the raven, pursuing his inquiries.

Yes, indeed; Eyebright had often and often watched the gambols of the pretty little white kitten with blue eyes, who seemed as if she would make such a nice play-fellow—and so he told old Croak.

The raven sneered. "Cats eat squirrels!" he said shortly—"when they can catch them, that is."

"I can run faster than any cat," said Eyebright.

The raven fixed his great eyes upon him: "Do you never sleep?" he said. "And who is to protect you then? Cats hunt by night!"

"What is to become of me?" cried Eyebright in despair.

The raven shook his head and coughed. "Come with me," he said, "and I will show you what you have to expect. It's best to be prepared for the worst—come!" And he hopped solemnly down from twig to twig.

Eyebright hesitated a little before following his guide; for his beak looked so strong, and his eyes so fierce, he was not sure but that this might be another enemy. Yet he feared to offend him by refusing to accompany him; so when Croak had got about half-way down the tree, with one spring Eyebright was at his side. The raven then flew slowly across the paddock toward the poultry-yard, and there alighted on the lime-tree that overhung the entrance, pretending to wait for Eyebright, who ran after him at full speed—but I believe, in reality, he was peering about after a brood of young ducks that had been hatched the night before, and from which he thought he might contrive a savory breakfast. As Eyebright stopped, panting, under the tree, he looked down on him: "Hark!" said he; "do you hear what those guinea-hens say?"

Eyebright listened, but did not very well understand their language; so Croak translated it into a sort of *Lingua Franca*,

in which the squirrel and himself conversed. "They are warning you of danger on your road," he said. "Listen! 'Go back! go back! go back!' That's what they say."

"Had we not better return?" asked the squirrel timidly.

"No," replied his companion. "Having come so far we will proceed; and I will shield you from danger—if I can," he added, emphatically.

The next point at which he stopped was the stable; there perching on the weathercock, while Eyebright scrambled up a water-pipe to the roof, he bade him look down into the hay-loft. There lay Puss giving her kittens their breakfast. She had just brushed her glossy coat, and, with her eyes half shut, was purring a nursery song for her children's amusement. Now and then, through the fingers of her velvet mittens, her long, sharp claws might be seen as she stretched them out and then withdrew them again.

Croak shuffled up to Eyebright, and in a loud whisper that roused the cat's attention, asked, "Do you see those claws? Strong enough, an't they?"

While he spoke Puss, rather tired after a night's hunting, gave a great yawn, and showed such a set of sharp, white teeth, that Eyebright stared and scampered away in a hurry, kicking a loose tile after him in his flight. Having secured his retreat on some trees that grew near the stable, he looked about for the raven, whom he soon saw hopping along the gravel walk and beckoning him to follow. With still greater reluctance, after his last fright, Eyebright obeyed, and found Croak in an attitude of profound meditation, standing near a kennel; in which, with his head resting on his paws, lay a great black dog, dozing in the morning sun.

"There's a monster!" quoth the raven. "What should you say to meeting him some fine day as you were crossing the avenue?"

Leaving Eyebright to improve that suggestion he hopped sideways toward the kennel, and began slyly drawing toward him a large bone that lay within a few inches of the dog's nose. But stealthy as his movements were, they were sufficient to arouse black Wallace, who, waking up suddenly and perceiving the thief, rushed from his kennel, shaking his chain, and showing his teeth with an angry growl that sounded terrible in the ears of the poor little squirrel.

The raven croaked angrily and hobbled away, bidding Eyebright still follow him, and so led him up the steps on which the hall-door of the great house opened. Eyebright peeped furtively in and saw a number of glass cases, in which were all kinds of stuffed birds, looking as if they were alive, and yet with a hard, strained, uncomfortable expression, that made him cold to see. Their eyes, too, though staring wide open, were motionless; and never had he seen birds so still, even when they were asleep. Altogether that pretty, sunny hall was, to Eyebright, a chamber of horrors! And then old Croak addressed him solemnly: "I have brought you here that you may see assembled together, and in a state in which they can do you no harm, a few of the enemies of whom I have warned you; others I have already shown you."

He then pointed to him a small brown owl and two large white ones, looking solemnly down on a little mouse; a hawk, with its claw in a sparrow, and a kite gazing hungrily at a chicken. He quite omitted to show him some of his own brethren, though there were a pair of them in their glossy black coats, with an egg—in which a hole had been pierced—lying before them.

"How do you ever expect to be safe, surrounded by these?" asked the raven.

But while he was speaking Eyebright's attention was drawn to another case, in which he saw a relation of his own, with his tail spread over his head; apparently, only that he never moved on, in the act of running up the mossy branch of a tree, from which hung a bunch of hazel-nuts. "Why does n't he move?" he asked the raven; "and why does he not eat the nuts?"

"He can't," returned Croak. "He can't stir from that place. There he must remain forever and forever!"

He spoke so lugubriously, while his eye sparkled so viciously, that Eyebright could bear it no longer; but without waiting to take leave of him, he rushed down the steps, across the

lawn, in and out of the flower-beds, leaped the sunk fence, and never stopped till he got to the top of the silver fir again.

A doleful life was Eyebright's from this day forth. He was afraid of venturing to see his parents, lest he should meet the great dog in the avenue. On the lawn Puss and her progeny occasionally disported themselves—so that, of course, he shunned. From the poultry yard he could hear the guinea-hen's warning cry; and how he started at every sudden sound, thinking it the report of a gun! The trees in the thick plantation he would not approach; for there he knew the hawks had their nests, and over them he had many a time watched the kites sailing. At last he never quitted the silver fir at all—though far from feeling secure even there. He scarcely slept all night, trembling as he listened to the hooting of the owls; and once he quite gave himself up for lost, feeling persuaded he heard the cat scrambling up the lower branches—though I believe it was nothing but the peacock, who was disturbed with bad dreams. Then he was afraid almost of eating a nut, lest he should not have enough to last him through the winter; and he was too timid to venture out to look for more.

All the evil that morning call of the raven's did it would be hard to tell. Poor Eyebright soon became quite thin and dejected; and his coat, which he had not the heart to brush, grew dim and dusty. I think he must soon have pined away but for another morning visitor of his—a sparrow—who, as he sat drooping at the entrance of his hole, trying to shelter his head from the east wind with his bushy tail, hopped up to him, calling out briskly, "Cheer up! cheer up!"

Eyebright lifted his head and gazed mournfully at the homely little fellow, who gave him so friendly a greeting.

"What's the matter with you to-day?" asked the sparrow, twitching one of the feathers in his wing, which was rather ruffled. "Why do n't you eat your breakfast and then go and see your cousin Lightfoot, who is wondering what has become of you?"

Eyebright sighed heavily and began retreating backward into his hole; for he suspected the sparrow of being a spy sent to betray him to some of his enemies; but the sparrow was not so easily to be got rid of, but edged himself to the entrance of the hole after him. "I'll wait while you are at breakfast for company," he said, "and then fly over to Lightfoot and tell him you are coming."

"I shall eat no breakfast to-day, thank you," was the reply.

"No!" cried the sparrow—"and why not, pray? There's plenty in the larder I am sure."

And he stood on tiptoe and peeped in; for he was not a very refined bird I must admit.

"Not more than I shall want, nor as much through all the long, long winter," replied Eyebright dolefully.

"Then why do n't you go and gather more for yourself?" asked his visitor. "I can show you splendid filberts outside the walled garden. But dear me! you need scarcely take the trouble of hoarding them," he continued; "for there will be plenty of hazel-nuts in the hedges for the next two months; and there are always a good many walnuts under the trees in the avenue till Christmas; and the beech-mast and the acorns won't all be gone then; and after that there are the cones on the firs and the larch-trees. O, you need n't fear being starved—there's no chance of that!"

"Certainly," returned Eyebright, "if it were possible for me to go out and gather these filberts and walnuts, and all that you speak of; but surrounded as I am with enemies!"

"Enemies!" cried the sparrow, and burst into such a fit of laughter as nearly threw him off the branch on which he sat—a laugh, though, so hearty and cheery, that it did poor Eyebright good to hear it. "Well, who are your enemies?" he said at length. The squirrel told him of the raven's warning; but when he spoke of men he interrupted him at once. "Men!" he cried, "why, they are the very best friends we have! What would become of the black-birds but for their orchards? And how useful the swallows and martins find the eaves and chimney-pots! I believe those tall-steeped buildings are meant expressly for the jackdaw's fortresses! And why do the farmers plow their fields, if it is not to feed

the rooks? or sow them, if it is not to support the partridges in the autumn? I and my cousins have, I confess it, our full share of the ricks; and it is certain that the corn in the granary belongs quite as much to the mice as to men! And even little robin, who is a poor soft-billed creature, and can't do much for himself, has his breakfast of bread and milk at the nursery window most mornings with the children. And for myself, I certainly get my dinner from the dairy-maid as regularly as the ducks or the hens."

"Ah! those frightful birds!" said Eyebright. "But they warned me not to go on. They knew the horrors that awaited me!"

"What warning did they give you?" asked the sparrow.

"They bid me go back—they did, indeed!" said Eyebright.

"So Mr. Croak told you!" answered the sparrow, tossing up his head. "You must n't mind him: he is of great age and has had losses. The real meaning of their words is an invitation to you—'Come quick! come quick! come quick!' At least so I always understood it at dinner-time."

All the time he was speaking the squirrel felt himself growing less gloomy. Things looked much brighter than they had done since the raven's visit; and now he sat up briskly and began cracking an acorn. "Perhaps," said he, stopping in his employment—"perhaps, as Gaffer Croak mistook the guinea-hen's language, he may have made some other mistakes too?"

"Very possibly," said the sparrow. "Indeed, I observe that those who see an enemy in every one that they meet are themselves their own worst enemies."

Eyebright thought that there might be a great deal of truth in this last remark of the sparrow's, and he pondered over it a great deal, long after he had flown away; and when he heard him singing his merry song, "Cheer up! cheer up!" near the gilded cage of the canary-bird in the drawing-room window—"Well," he said, "I have not been the happier for following the raven's advice; and how much time I have wasted, in which I might have been adding to my winter's store! Now I'll try the sparrow's plan, and trust, instead of doubting every one!"

So he ate a better breakfast than he had since that which the raven had interrupted; and after he had brushed his coat went out and spent the morning with his parents in the avenue, where he picked up some acorns and beech-mast to add to his store. And when he had put these away he ran over to the Scotch firs and finished the day with Lightfoot—and a famous game of hide-and-seek they had together; and though the white owls were bemoaning themselves over his head, for an hour at least, he slept through the night without once

waking; and from that day there was not a happier little squirrel than he in all the wood!

THE FIVE PEACHES.—The following little story is translated from the German. It has been told often; but it will bear repeating. Its moral is very fine and the whole is told in a very touching manner:

A countryman, on returning from the city, took home with him five as fine peaches as one could possibly desire to see. As his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with rosy cheeks and soft, plum-like skin. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking:

"How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy. "It is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father. "That speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. O it tasted so sweet and melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and child-like, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my brother threw away, cracked it and eaten the kernel; it was as sweet as a nut to my taste; but my peach I have sold for so much money that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reproachfully, saying:

"Peware, my boy, of avarice; prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchild-like and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly replied:

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George who has the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on the bed, and have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud.

Edmund was still silent, and the mother kissed him with the tears of joy in her eyes.

Wayside Gleanings.

HOW TO GET RICH.—Many of our readers desire to get rich. With some this desire is inordinate. Shall we tell you how you may accomplish this end? Read the following passage from Mrs. Barbauld. If you will pay such a price you can get rich:

Such is the force of well-regulated industry that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasure of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with a baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard if not unjust

things, and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenious spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I can not submit to a drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well; be above it, only do not repine that you are not rich.

DUMB MELODIES.—It has been well said that the negatively poetical exists every-where. The life of almost every man, however prosaic to himself, is full of these dumb melodies to his neighbor:

The farmer looks from the hill-side and sees the tall ship lean forward with its desire for the ocean, every full-hearted sail yearning seaward, and takes passage with her from his drudgery to the beautiful conjectured land. Meanwhile he himself has Pegasus yoked to his plow without knowing it,

and the sailor looking back, sees him sowing his field with the graceful idyl of summer and harvest. Little did the needle-woman dream that she was stitching passion and pathos into her weary seam, till Hood came and found them there.

LOVE OF FAMILY AND OF COUNTRY.—The wondrous skill of the Creator is not more clearly evidenced in the harmonies of the material than of the spiritual world. There is a well-ordered harmony of the affection. The grand and true development of any single one can not be realized without the grand and true development of all. This is illustrated by the harmony between love of family and of country. Says Dr. John Harris:

I am aware that a few ancient philosophers maintained that, according to the example of the Lacedemonians, the family ought to be abolished; that the children should be handed over to the state. But experience is wiser than speculation. The well-ordered family is the very home of patriotism. When "he of battle-martyrs chief," Leonidas, devoted himself for the good of his country, why did he select as his companions in death men who had families—why but because he knew that for them patriotism was a grave reality? When the Swiss patriot, Arnold, of Winkelried, saw, at the famous battle of Sempach, that his countrymen could not break through the mailed wall of hostile lances, he advanced, exclaiming, "Dear confederates, I will open a path for you; think of my wife and dearest children!" and

"Shaped an open space,
By gath'ring with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears."

And who can say how much he was inspired by the thought that in that very act he was purchasing with his blood liberty for the land of his wife and children? A well-ordered family is not only a source of happiness to all within its hallowed circle; it is a blessing to the community.

PROCESS OF DYING.—The mysteriousness of the process of dying, connected with the still more mysterious future destiny, has often disturbed the quiet of the soul. Says the London Quarterly:

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, a numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor, a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains whose sides exhibit every climate in regular gradation; vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow, till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than its close.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

"If this be dying," said the niece of Newton, of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die."

"The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago."

The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker.

"If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable."

"I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV.

"I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Saures, the Spanish theologian.

An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with

them all. They expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentle current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment.

The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope:

"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship.

"No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

BODY OF A LOVER RECOGNIZED AFTER FORTY YEARS' BURIAL.—The following incident, related in *Fraser's Magazine*, contrasts strangely the mutability of the living with the unchangeableness of the dead. It is a sad picture, but the radiance of undying love makes it beautiful even in its sadness:

A few years since certain miners who were working far under ground came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil, the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down for the last time.

But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cot on hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgot. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on—a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coal or even tin—but there were no dry eyes when the gray-headed pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

WITHOUT SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.—What would be the condition of man without society and social organization is forcibly expressed in the following passage:

Without society there could be no union of labor; every man would have to do every thing for himself, and would consequently spend life in the lowest occupations; progress would be impossible. There could be no intellectual advancement from age to age without society, nothing inherited from the past, nothing given to the future, no additions made to knowledge and experience. Without society there could be no fraternizing commerce, no fine arts, no enlarged ideas of integrity and benevolence, no public opinion, no religion, no true humanity in man.

STUDY OF MIND.—One of the noblest yet most neglected of studies is that of mind. Said a distinguished writer:

Men carry their minds as for the most part they carry their watches, content to be ignorant of their constitution and internal action, and attentive only to the little external circle of things to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing.

Domestic Economy.

THE WAY THE ENGLISH BRING UP CHILDREN.—The English bring up their children very differently from the manner in which we bring up ours. They have an abundance of fresh, outdoor air every day whenever it is possible. The nursery maids are expected to take all the children out every day, even to the infant. This custom is becoming more prevalent in this country, and should be pursued wherever it is practicable. Infants should be early accustomed to the open air. We confine them too much, and heat them too much for a vigorous growth. One of the finest features of the London park is said to be the crowd of nursery maids with their groups of healthy children. It is so with the promenades of our large cities to a great extent, but it is less common in our country towns than it should be.

In consequence of their training, English girls acquire a habit of walking that accompanies them through life, and gives them a healthier middle life than our own women enjoy. They are not fatigued with a walk of five miles, and are not ashamed to wear when walking thick-soled shoes, fitted for the dampness they encounter. Half of the consumptive feebleness of our girls results from the thin shoes they wear and the cold feet they necessarily have. English children, especially girls, are kept in the nursery and excluded from fashionable society and all the frivolities of the season at an age when our girls are thinking of nothing but fashionable life.

SEA VOYAGES VS. CROWDED WATERING-PLACES.—To every body, says the London Lancet, except some nervous and delicate females and a few males with very susceptible, untamable stomachs, a moderate sea-voyage is one of the finest tonics known. The rapid movement through the atmosphere, the change from latitude to latitude, the constant breathing of a pure, undefiled air, the complete relaxation of mind and muscle, the novelties of a sea life and of nautical maneuvering, soon begin to work wonders upon body and mind. The complexion becomes clear, the eye bright, muscular movement easy, quick, and vigorous, and the appetite keenly sharpened. The nervous, worn-out, exhausted, irritable person finally becomes fat, lazy, and *insouciant*. For the victim of commerce, the votary of fashion, and the devotee of literature and science, we say there is nothing like a sea voyage to bring about that necessary and perfect "moulting process," as Schultz calls it, which eventuates in an almost rejuvenescence. Can a tithe of this be said of Saratoga or any of the fashionable places of resort in which our wealthy citizens crowd themselves and their families during the hot months of summer?

HOT-AIR BATHS.—Turkish baths, in which heated air is employed, are introduced, to a considerable extent, in England, and in several towns are largely frequented, the usual charge being twelve cents. Mr. Boulton, house-surgeon of the Newcastle infirmary,

speaks in high terms of the hot-air bath recently erected in that institution at a cost of \$300. It is of value in cases of rheumatism, acute and chronic, dropsy, skin diseases, catarrh, influenza, and ague. In regard to the last-mentioned disease he says: "I have several times witnessed the aversion of its paroxysms by placing the patient in the bath prior to the expected attack, quinine being given as an ordinary tonic for the remaining debility." The influence of the bath on persons in health is also interesting. After the very first impression of the high temperature is past, the sensation is rather agreeable. In ten or twelve minutes the perspiration stands in drops on the skin, and the pulse beats more quickly. After ten minutes more the pulse is almost doubled, and the perspiration pours down the skin copiously, and no doubt remains that the greatest luxury in the world is the cold douche. In winter or in summer, after twenty or twenty-five minutes' toleration of the temperature of 130 degrees or more, resistance being no longer possible, a rush is made for the shower bath, and its contents are brought down eagerly. The bather feels the cold intensely grateful, and leaves the heated apartment under its influence, carefully wrapped in a blanket. His pulse rapidly falls to its wonted rate, and he feels himself a very fresh, clean, hungry, and independent man.

THE BEST FUEL.—Wood is the healthiest, because it contains a large amount of oxygen; coal has none; hence in burning it the oxygen necessary for its combustion must be supplied from the air of the room, leaving it "closely" oppressive. A coal fire will go out unless it has a constant and large supply of air, while wood, with comparatively little, having a large supply within itself, turns to "live coals." Close-grained, heavy wood, like hickory and oak, gives out the most heat, while pine and poplar, being open grained, heat up the quickest. The value of fuel, as a heating material, is determined by the amount of water which a pound will raise to a given temperature; thus one pound of wood will convert forty pounds of ice to boiling water, while a pound of coal will thus heat nearly eighty pounds of ice-cold water; hence, pound for pound, coal is as good again for mere heating purposes as wood is as good again as peat, which is the product of sedges, weeds, rushes, mosses, etc. But if a tun of coal, that is, twenty-eight bushels, or twenty-two hundred and forty pounds, cost five dollars, it is about equal to the best wood at two dollars and a quarter a cord. Coal at twelve dollars and a half a tun is as cheap as wood at five dollars and one-half per cord. It would be more equitable if wood was dry to sell it by the pound. Such is the custom in France. For heating sleeping apartments wood should be used.

HINTS FOR COLD WEATHER.—Do not begin to get the rooms too warm just at once. Accustom your-

selves and the children to a moderate temperature, but provide against absolute cold or dampness. Never think it too much trouble to build a fire where one is needed. By observing this rule many constitutions will be saved as well as many doctor's bills.

A tight, well-protected house is the best thing to save fuel, but even the saving thus made is no gain really, unless you have the discretion to ventilate your rooms thoroughly as often as the air becomes too dry or offensive in quality. A draft is a bad thing, but no fresh air is worse.

As much of our comfort and health depend upon the table, and the manner in which it is supplied, it is well to study to make up by cunning skill in preparation of food for the greater variety of summer. Winter fare is quite different in its character, as it should be, and we may venture to eat more rich and substantial dishes in cold than in hot weather. The delicate and cooling custards, creams, jellies, etc., lose their relish in the season of frost and snow, and puddings, pies, fried cakes, and pickles are in favor; nor do we esteem these things injurious when properly made and rationally eaten. "Good diet makes good blood, and good blood makes good brain," says somebody, and we agree—but always in moderation.

SUPERIOR TOMATO CATSUP.—Take a half bushel of ripe tomatoes, slice, and mix with them two table spoonfuls of salt. Put them in a brass or copper kettle, and stew them over a fire four or five hours. When cool, strain them through a tin colander to separate the skins and seed from the pulp and juice, to which latter add a pint of sliced onions, and stew them three or four hours longer; then turn the liquid into an earthen or stone jar, and while hot add three table spoonfuls of black pepper, one of cayenne, two of mustard, and one of cloves, each ground. After it becomes cool add half a gallon of strong cider or wine vinegar, and it is then fit for use. To preserve this catsup pure and fine, bottle it up, and keep it in a cool place. If the bottles are packed in a box of dry ashes they will keep better on account of the exclusion of the light and the uniformity of temperature.

IRON FOR PEACH-TREES.—The scales of iron that accumulate around the anvil of a blacksmith's shop are more valuable than manure for peach-trees. A shovelful put round a healthy peach-tree will be very likely to keep it in good condition; and it is said that trees already diseased have recovered by the application of these scales. Iron in any form will answer a good purpose.

TO PREVENT MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Rub or strew around the edge of the carpets and on them salt and pepper and they will not eat them.

COCOA-NUT CAKE.—One pound sugar, one-half a pound butter, three-quarters of a pound flour, five eggs, one-half a teaspoonful soda, one grated cocoa-nut.

FLOATING ISLAND.—A nice dish for tea may be made in the following way: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff foam, which pour upon a quart of milk previously set to boil; when the milk boils the foam is done, and you may take it off. Beat the

yolks of five and whites of three eggs together, with sugar and salt to taste, and stir into the boiling milk; let it boil and place in your sauce-dish, with the foam floating on the top. You may season with lemon or vanilla.

NICE AND NAMELESS CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter, half a pint of milk, four eggs, one cocoa-nut grated, a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

BREAD CAKE.—Five teacups of well-raised bread-dough, three heaping cups of sugar, two even cups of butter, five eggs, a glass of syrup, and a nutmeg; fruit as you like.

TO ROAST BEEF.—Rib roast is that part where the ribs commence, on the fore-quarter to the back of the ox. The first two or three ribs is called the first cut, the next two or three the second cut; these two cuts are the best to roast. Cut off all the bones, and saw the ribs in two places, carefully peel or cut off all soiled or dirty places, if any, then wipe it all over with a clean cloth wrung out of cold water. Then rub it all over with fine salt; put it in the pan to roast with not too strong a fire to burn it. In half an hour take it out and drain the gravy into a bowl; baste it over with the fat and dust on flour all over the meat; this must be done every half hour till the meat is roasted, which will keep the gravy from being burnt. Take up the meat, skim off some of the fat from the top of the bowl and pour it into the pan, dust in some flour, let it boil, and stir it till it thickens. N. B. A roast of ten pounds will take about two and a half to three hours to cook. If you roast before a fireplace you can let the gravy remain in the pan.

A sirloin of beef, or a loin of veal, can be roasted in the same way. In the sirloin of beef the suet must not be roasted, or it will spoil the gravy.

TO ENTIRELY CLEAR OUT THE RED ANT.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time and they will disappear.

YEAST FOR BREAD OR CAKES.—In a quart of boiling water stir sufficient wheat flour to make quite a thick batter; while hot, stir in it four ounces of white sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. When cool put in sufficient yeast—say near a teaspoonful—to cause the mass to ferment. Lay it by in a covered jar for use. Half a teacupful is enough to make two large loaves. To renew the yeast when used up reserve a teacupful. It is simple and efficient for raising buckwheat cakes and bread—very white and very light if the flour is good.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and cut in thick slices, or quarter and core, sweet apples sufficient to fill the dish you wish to bake the pudding in. Put them in a kettle and add new milk sufficient to scarcely cover them, heat it boiling hot, and stir in Indian meal enough to make it a stiff batter. Salt, sweeten, and spice, to suit the taste. Butter your dish, put in the pudding, spread a little cream over the top to keep it from scorching. Bake three hours or more, according to size. Serve with cream or butter.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

WALKER'S FILIBUSTER EXPEDITIONS.—The failure of General Walker in Honduras naturally suggests a review of his other piratical adventures. His first expedition was against Lower California, which he aimed to organize into an independent state. He left San Francisco in October, 1853, in a vessel especially chartered for his use, and escaped the surveillance of the authorities by pretending that his object was to work the mines. Having disembarked at Cape Lucas, he proceeded to La Paz, where he published a constitution, and proclaimed himself President of the Republic of Lower California. His success was a brief one, however, for his provisions failed, his followers became sick and disaffected, and many deserted, and he was finally compelled to surrender to General Wool, on the 8th of May, 1854, for alleged violation of the neutrality laws. He was afterward tried at San Francisco and acquitted.

His second expedition was into Nicaragua. In the spring of 1854 a civil war broke out in that country, beginning in a revolution organized against the conservative party by Castillon, formerly cabinet minister. Castillon invited Walker to join the rebel party, which he did in the end of May, 1855. Walker was supported by the influence and means of the Nicaragua Transit Company, who hoped through the revolutionists to render themselves free from the tax levied upon them by the Government. So far successful was the revolution that a new administration was inaugurated, with Walker for Commander-in-Chief. Once in power he played many fantastic tricks. Reckless and unprincipled, he maneuvered so as to get the government and its revenues into his own hands; he alienated the Transit Company by seizing its property, provoked the Central American States to a general alliance against him, and rendered himself unpopular even with his own party by his despotic and merciless butcheries. After various reverses his career there ended by his surrender on the 18th of May, 1857, to Captain Davis, of the United States sloop, *St. Mary's*.

He made the utmost endeavors to get afloat another expedition against Nicaragua, but failed, for though, through the incapacity or connivance of the United States officers, he got off from Mobile on the 14th of November, 1857, with 150 men, he met with no success, and again surrendered to Commodore Paulding on the 8th of December.

Walker's last effort was against Honduras. It was a more miserable failure than any of his former enterprises; and there are few persons who do not think that he richly deserved his fate.

MISSIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—R. H. Dana, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Boston, in a letter from the Sandwich Islands, details many interesting facts connected with missionary labors there. He says: "It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board that in less than forty years

they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary, preserved their language from extinction, given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, etc. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England; and whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensualities, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.—Of the thirty-seven million inhabitants of the Turkish Empire, about seventeen millions are nominally Christians, though twelve millions of the latter are adherents of the Greek Church. The great success of the missionaries, of course, has been among the Armenians, more than fifty Protestant congregations having been gathered in Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor. There has also been much success among the Nestorians, and recently there is an extraordinary opening among the Bulgarians on the Danube. The Methodists are already laboring successfully among the latter people. Religious liberty has lately been secured for all throughout the empire, though, through the weakness of the present government, this law is not respected in distant parts of the empire. In and near Constantinople it is enforced, and thousands of copies of the Scriptures are now annually sold in that city to Turks. To those conversant with the changes of the last half century, it is among the most remarkable "signs of the times," that converted Turks can now be seen openly preaching the Gospel in the Turkish capital.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.—From the commencement of the Christian era to the discovery of America the amount of the precious metals obtained from the surface and bowels of the earth is estimated to be four thousand millions of dollars. From the date of the latter event to the close of 1842, an addition of nine thousand millions of dollars was obtained. The discovery and extensive working of the Russian gold mines, in 1843, added one thousand millions more. The double discovery of the California gold mines in 1848, and the Australian in 1851, added to the close of 1859 two thousand millions. Making a total to the close of last year of sixteen thousand millions

of dollars. The average loss by wear and tear of coin is estimated to be a tenth of one per cent. per annum, and the loss, by consumption in the arts, and by fire and shipwreck, at from two to seven millions per annum. The amount of the precious metals now in existence is estimated to be ten thousand millions of dollars, of which six thousand millions is estimated to be in silver and the remainder in gold.

TYRIAN PURPLE.—M. Bigio, of Venice, states that after protracted researches he has succeeded in discovering the long-forgotten purple dye which was formerly so famous in the east. Pliny distinguishes two tints, one violet and the other red. The former is derived from the *Murex Trunculus*, which at present is very rarely found in the Adriatic; the latter, which is the true Tyrian purple, is furnished by the *Murex Brändonis*. An important fact is noted by this venerable naturalist, namely, that the coloring material derived from the murex is purple when first secreted, while the inferior kind yielded by some other species is originally colorless, and only assumes its purple hue on exposure to the air.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—The total amount of the original bequest to the Smithsonian Institute was \$515,169, and interest on the same to July 1, 1846; devoted to the erection of the building, \$242,129. In addition to this, \$135,600 of unexpended income has been vested in state bonds, so that the present income of the institution is \$38,325.14. The principal expenditures are, for salaries, about \$9,000; for publications of all kinds, \$9,000; for meteorological observations, \$2,500; for lectures, \$1,000; for the library, \$3,500; for museum, \$2,000. There are some incidental matters involving expenditures, and about \$5,000 is set apart from the income to make a certain financial change for the sake of economy. The collections of various kinds which had accumulated at Washington have now been concentrated at the institution, Congress agreeing to make an appropriation of \$4,000 annually to keep them up. They are such as the collection of the Exploring Expeditions, under Captain Wilkes, in South America and the South Seas, that of Lieutenant Herndon's exploration of the Amazon, Captain Stansbury's exploration of the Great Salt Lake, Captain Perry's Japan Collections, etc. This museum is stated to be now superior to any other in the country as a general collection, though in the specialties of exotic birds, shells, fossils, and minerals it is said to be surpassed by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. We are glad to see that the secretary who has charge of this department looks forward to the object of "having a public museum, illustrating as fully as possible the natural history of the world, and taking rank with those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna."

THE INDIA-HOUSE LIBRARY.—The India-House Library contains upward of 24,000 volumes of every class of eastern literature, of which 8,000 are manuscript; this latter portion is famous throughout the world of literature as containing the choicest collection of Sanscrit and Persian MSS. extant; some of beautiful calligraphy, superbly illuminated, and

dressed in elegant native binding, among which are *Shah Namahs*, *Korans*, and poems in elegant variety, monuments of native skill and industry. In this library is the famous *Koran*, written on vellum, in the ancient Cufic character, by the Caliph Othman III, about 35 of the Hegira (A. D. 655,) bearing numerous autographs and seals of Oriental monarchs. There is also a portion of the *Koran* written by Huzut Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed, with the seal of Timour and other kings of Persia, and a memorandum written by Shah Jehan, referring to his having given 1,500 golden mohurs for it. Among the early records of the East India Company are two volumes preserved in the library containing the autographs of subscribers under an act "for raising £2,000,000 upon a fund for payment of annuities, and for settling the trade to the East Indies," dated July 14, 1698, in the tenth year of the reign of William III. The first entry is by the commissioners of the treasury as subscribers of £10,000 in the name of his Majesty. The subscribers, 1,344 in number, include most of the English nobility as well as foreigners. The signatures are written on forty-seven pages of parchment. The amounts subscribed range from £100 upward, the highest (No. 1,055) being that of John Dubois for £315,000. The printed library contains the largest and most unique collection of works on all subjects relating to India, China, and the Archipelago, and as a whole may be regarded as one of the most valuable as well as useful libraries in Europe.

NAZARITE ORGANIZATION.—The Methodist Church is likely to be delivered from this pestilent faction. At a delegated convention held in Pekin, New York, they adopted a discipline, and organized themselves under the style of "The Free Methodist Church." In the new organization their officers are nearly the same as in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but the names of these offices are many of them changed. For instance, for Bishop they substitute "General Superintendent," for presiding elder they are to have local superintendent, etc. The Rev. B. T. Roberts, who has figured largely in the movement, was elected "General Superintendent."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.—The life and letters, including an unfinished autobiography, of this eminent minister and writer will soon be published in London. It is edited by Rev. R. W. Dale, the successor of Mr. James.

FANNY FORRESTER.—A biography of this sweet poet, devoted wife and missionary, is in course of preparation by Rev. Dr. A. C. Kendrick.

THE SISTER OF KOSSUTH.—The monument erected in Greenwood Cemetery to the memory of the sister of Kossuth is an obelisk of Italian marble, thirteen feet high, and upon it is the following inscription: "EMILIA KOSSUTH ZULAVSKY, born in Hungary, Nov. 12, 1817; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1860. Erected by her fellow-exiles, who admired her in life and now mourn her in death.

'Ye who return when Hungary is free,
O, take my dust along—my heart is there.'"

Kossuth is now in Sardinia, where his two sons are being educated.

Literary Notices.

(1.) *ITALY IN TRANSITION: Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860; Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations.* By William Arthur, A. M., Author of "A Mission to Mysore," "The Successful Merchant," "The Tongue of Fire," etc. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 12mo. Pp. 429. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.—At this moment all eyes are turned upon Italy, and the unfolding of events there are watched with intense interest. Nothing could be more opportune than the publication of this book—"Italy in Transition." It is the production of a careful observer, a penetrating analyst, and a graphic writer. The political changes that have recently transpired in Lombardy and Tuscany and the causes that led to them, and also the moral condition and capability of a people just struggling to free themselves from the yoke of ecclesiastical and political despotism, are delineated with beauty and power. Mr. Arthur's great work is "The Tongue of Fire." But this will rather add to than detract from his enviable reputation as a writer.

(2.) *CHAPTERS ON WIVES.* By Mrs. Ellis, Author of "Mothers of Great Men." 12mo. Pp. 358. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.—This is a very good book, but not one of remarkable power. It is, however, quite readable, its stories attractive, and the "wives" that challenge our commendation in them, such as will make happy homes.

(3.) *A COMMONPLACE BOOK: Designed to Assist Students, Professional Men, and General Readers in Treasuring up Knowledge for Future Use.* Arranged by Rev. James Porter, D. D., with an Introduction by Rev. Wm. Price, A. M. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York.—The plan of this work is simple and convenient. Every young person of literary tastes and pursuits should have a commonplace book by them. In adaptation and practical utility we know of none that can compare with this.

(4.) *THE MISSIONARY IN MANY LANDS.* By Erwin House, A. M. 12mo. 393 pp. 80 cents. New York: Carlton & Porter.—We have already noticed this book. It contains narratives of some of the most thrilling scenes in missionary life and history. We are glad to know that it is meeting an excellent sale.

(5.) *DR. SPRAGUE'S DISCOURSE BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF YALE COLLEGE.*—The theme of this discourse is "Our Triennial Catalogue," and the discussion is partly historical, partly biographical, but throughout it is enriched by pertinent philosophic disquisition and embellished with chaste and beautiful rhetoric. Our thanks are due to the author for a copy.

(6.) *MODERN PHILOLOGY: its History, Discoveries, and Influence.* With Maps, Tabular Views, and an Index. By Benjamin W. Dwight. 356 pp. 8vo. New

York: A. S. Barnes & Co.—In the mechanical getting up of this book the publishers have spared neither pains nor expense. The book itself supplies a want which students in philology have long felt. It will both tend to increase the interest in this department of learning and to furnish the means for its gratification. It is fitted not only for general reading, but also for study and recitation, in schools and colleges, like any of our best school histories, and will be held in high account for historical, philosophical, linguistic, and even rhetorical purposes.

(7.) *MANUAL OF GEOLOGY: Designed for the Use of Colleges and Academies.* By Ebenezer Emmons. 12mo. 297 pp. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.—One advantage of this book is, that its illustrations are mainly derived from the geological facts of our own country. In another respect the plan followed by the author was judicious. In each chapter treating upon the systems of rocks, he has given a general history of the period to which they belong.

(8.) *BLACKWOOD, for September,* contains A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel; The Romance of Agostini—Part I; Great Wits, Mad Wits; King Arthur and his Round Table; The Struggle at Mellazzo; The Tower of London; Norman Sinclair; An Autobiography—Part VIII.

Republished by L. Scott & Co., New York city. Price, \$3. For Blackwood and one of the Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10.

(9.) *AUNT GRACE'S LIBRARY,* just issued by Carlton & Porter, contains ten volumes done up in beautiful style, with a box. Price, \$1. These books are for "little folks who want to be good." They are a choice little set. 1. City of Palms; 2. Gennette; 3. Stories About the Bible; 4. Little Anna; 5. Happy Christians; 6. Mary Anna and Nina; 7. Old Merritt; 8. Our Birthday Trip; 9. Little Boarding-School Girls; 10. Clara and her Cousins.

(10.) *METHODIST ALMANAC, for 1861.*—This indispensable family companion has already come to hand. In addition to the usual calendar matter, it is richly stored with Church and general statistics.

(11.) *DAISY DOWNS* is a new Sunday school issue of 306 pages, 16mo.

(12.) *GERALD KOPT, the Foundling,* is a story from the history of the Czar Peter. 18mo. 161 pp.

(13.) *GLEN MORRIS STORIES.*—To this popular series of juvenile books Jessie Carlton has been added. It is the "story of a girl who fought with Little Impulse, the wizard, and conquered him." 16mo. 251 pp. 60 cents. New York: Howe & Ferry. For sale at the Western Book Concern.

(14.) *A TREASURY OF SCRIPTURE STORIES.* Beautifully Illustrated with Colored Plates from Original Designs by the First American Artists. New York: Shel-

don & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—The subjects in this volume are Samson, Noah, Ruth, Samuel, David, and Joseph. It is printed on beautiful tinted paper, bound in blue, and makes a beautiful gift-book for the young.

(15.) CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA. Part XIX received. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(16.) QUACKENBOS'S PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The educational books of Mr. Quackenbos are characterized by simplicity of system and thoroughness of preparation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

(17.) LATER ESSAYS AND POEMS OF MACAULAY. 12mo. 358 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Macaulay's great fame as a writer gives an interest to all that came from his pen.

(18.) BIBLE STORIES IN VERSE FOR LITTLE ONES AT HOME. By Anna M. Hyde. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. Square 16mo. Pp. 87.—This is an admirable book for young children, presenting in verse many of the wonderful events recorded in the Bible. In these easy rhymes the little ones may be led to think of the goodness, power, and wisdom of God as displayed in his works and providences.

(19.) THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE; or, the Elixir of Gold. A Romance. By a Southern Lady. 2 Vol-

umes. 12mo. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The novels of the season have been issued from the press of Derby & Jackson. This is highly eulogized. We have not read it.

(20.) LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S—12mo, 239 pp.—is from the press of the same publishers, and sold by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

(21.) CATALOGUES.—1. Hamline University, Red Wing, Minnesota. Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D., President, assisted by eight professors. Number of students, 227. 2. Maine Wesleyan Seminary. Rev. H. P. Torsey, A. M., Principal, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, 227.

(22.) EDUCATIONAL REPOSITORY AND FAMILY MONTHLY is a new magazine—the organ of the Educational Institute of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Edited by Professor W. H. C. Price, Atlanta, Ga. \$2 per annum.

(23.) MINUTES OF UPPER IOWA CONFERENCE—Bishop Baker, President; Rev. R. W. Keeler, Secretary. The following are some of the statistics: Members, 15,574. Number of churches, 94; value, \$165,250. Parsonages, 47; value, \$38,405.

(24.) THE OHIO EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY is an excellent school and family magazine. Every teacher should have it. Published by F. W. Hurtt & Co., Columbus, O. \$1.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Travel and Books—Italy in Transition—Olmsted's Journal in the Back Country—Life in the Desert—Oriental and Western Siberia—The Amoor Regions—Africa the Paradise of Travelers—Books of Travel in Embryo—Myself.

THE world never wearies of books of travels, and, of course, travelers never weary of making books. The general law of demand and supply applies to the production and use of books in full vigor, though the capabilities of the producing power vastly exceeds that of the consuming. No doubt should the world demand a tenfold increase of reading matter it would be very soon forthcoming, and that too without any considerable depreciation of value in the article supplied. An unusual amount of viatory literature is just now passing through the press, and though much of it, as usual, is probably of little value, there is still among the mass a good share of really-valuable productions. Some of these I have read, others I have dipped into, and of yet others, because they are still in embryo, I have become cognizant by an inspection of the materials out of which they are to be constructed; and from what I have thus learned I am able to congratulate our stay-at-home travelers in view of the provisions at hand for their entertainment, and instruction too, during the long evenings of the approaching winter.

Foremost on the list is "Italy in Transition," by Rev. William Arthur, published by the Harpers some three months since. In this case the reputation of the author and the subject of his observations united

to awaken a lively expectant interest in the forthcoming volume, which the book has not failed to satisfactorily redeem. As the author of the "Mission to Mysore," the "Successful Merchant," and the "Tongue of Fire," Mr. Arthur needed no further commendation to the reading public, while the intense interest that pervades the public mind relative to Italian affairs secures an earnest examination of whatever promises to throw light upon that subject. Mr. Arthur visited Italy during the earlier months of this year as an invalid in pursuit of health. But though an invalid he still had eyes to see and ears to hear, and, above all, a heart to appreciate what he saw and heard, and the pen of a ready writer with which to detail and discuss his own observations. In traveling men see and converse with that to which their own minds are adapted, and their individual susceptibilities, not less than the peculiarities of the objects seen by them, give shape and character to their perceptions and impressions. This remark is well illustrated in the case under notice. An intelligent, reflective, cheerful, and liberal-minded English Protestant witnessing the rapidly-changing affairs of "Italy in transition"—changes which uniformly tend from the worse to the better—could not fail to see and discriminate the events occurring around him, and to feel more than a spectator's interest in them. And yet the book is not merely a series of notes on passing events, though these naturally occupy a large portion of it; the presence of the thoughtful reasoner

Is as evidently manifest as that of the keen observer and faithful chronicler. Interspersed among the records of passing events are found now ethnological notes upon the people, and again physico-geographical notices of the country; here remarks upon the popular hatred of the priests, and there reflections upon the use and abuse—as well as its disuse—of the pulpit in strictly Roman Catholic countries. With the political movements of the Italians Mr. Arthur most heartily sympathizes, and seems to entertain a strong confidence that the wonderful events now transpiring among them will result in great and permanent good.

Does the world's history present another such a chapter as must be that of Italy for the years 1859 and 1860? A people downtrodden and priest-ridden for twelve successive centuries, till the rest of mankind had come to look upon them as incapable of any thing better; a nation which has been treated as a pawn among European diplomatists, or as a residuary estate to be parceled out among indigent princes, suddenly arises, with all the vigor, hope, and discretion of the most cultivated and elevated, to claim their rights and to demonstrate their capacity for self-government. In this great drama, the personal actors especially command our attention and awaken our sympathies. We admire the lofty dignity of the people's king, Victor Emmanuel, who seems to have been raised up by Providence to collect together the long-broken and scattered Italian host—moving calmly forward, incited by an ambition at once lofty and unselfish, to the accomplishment of his present mission. We see Cavour, calm, lofty, far-seeing, and devoutly patriotic, demonstrating the continuity of the race of pure patriots to our own times. But what terms can characterize that wonderful man who leads the liberating hosts, and at whose coming the rusty chains of dynastic and ecclesiastical slavery crumble into dust, and disinherited millions rise up to bless his advent—GARIBALDI? Is he a Tamerlane, a Genghis Khan, a Tell, a Wallace, a Gustavus Adolphus, a Washington? for certainly he displays the characteristics of each and all of them. But it is yet too soon to assign to him his appropriate niche; for in proportion as the ascent is brilliant is the descent difficult and dangerous. At present we can only characterize him as the *prince of filibusters*, and hope with trembling that the luster that now surrounds his name may never be tarnished, and that he may speedily achieve the emancipation of his country, and then die.

Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted, well known as a home traveler, and author of two valuable volumes relating respectively to the "Seaboard Slave States" and to "Texas"—he has also given to the public a volume of great worth, his "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England"—has recently contributed another installment to the general, but too scanty, fund of information respecting the social and domestic life of the south: a volume—recently published by Mason Brothers—entitled, "A Journey in the Back Country." The route of the journey described in this volume lay along the up-country and mountain range from the east bank of the Mississippi, to Richmond, in Virginia. The people among whom he moved, and whose character and modes of

living he observed, were mostly of that almost unknown, though numerically-important class, "poor white folks." The information given by Mr. Olmsted is of a kind hitherto possessed only scantily, and yet quite essential to an intelligent estimate of southern society and institutions. The question of slavery in its various aspects is before the American people and the whole world, and it must be met, considered, and decided. It can not be evaded, however unwelcome it may be, and the wish to evade it argues either the want of moral courage or a guilty consciousness of the badness of the cause. That much has been said and done unwisely by both parties to the questions at issue, may be confessed, without acknowledging that the controversy is an equally-balanced one. The great want of the subject is a thorough and comprehensive acquaintance with the facts of the moral, social, and economical condition of the slave states, ascertained by competent observation and presented in an intelligent and truthful form. Stories of southern life, as given by novelists or only casual observers, often disqualified by their position to render an impartial verdict, are utterly unreliable, and therefore worse than worthless. The southern character, of which we hear so much, is not that of the great body of the people of those states, and even as to the few to whom it especially applies—the great planters and other wealthy slaveholders—it is at best a bedizened caricature. I am fully of the opinion that there is, among the better educated portion of the free states, less correct knowledge of the real condition of society in the slave states than that of the chief countries of Europe. Only persons of the wealthy planting class go abroad as the representatives of their several localities, and when a stranger goes among them, the same class receives and entertains him—not neglecting to so present things to his observation as to occasion the best possible prejudice against the "peculiar institution." Mr. Olmsted adopted the only sure method to obtain reliable information on the subjects of his inquiry. He went among the people—the poor and the rich, the dwellers in the open country as well as those in towns and cities; he ate at their tables and lodged in their houses, conversed with the learned and the unlearned, the nabob and the slave, but not to quarrel with the one as a tyrant, nor to incite the other to run away or kill his master; and he has simply taken notes of his own observations, which are here published for the common good. All parties are his debtors for what he has so done toward illustrating this dark subject. His books are wholly unobjectionable in their style and temper. The writer does not present himself as a partisan, nor are his discussions given in the form of special pleadings in favor of an assumed conclusion; yet he confronts his facts without blinking and advances to their legitimate determinations without misgivings. Differing thus widely from such productions as Helper's "Impending Crisis," the influence of these volumes must be not less certainly hostile to the whole system of slavery, and like that work these volumes demonstrate especially the blighting effects of that system upon the unenslaved portions of community. "Life in the Desert"—Mason Brothers—is the

English title of a translation of *Les Mysteres du Désert*, a work issued in Paris last year, written by Col. Du Courret, who was also known during his journeying by his Moslem cognomen, Hadji Abd'el-Hamid Bey. This traveler and author performed the journey, the account of which makes up this volume, during the decade between 1840 and 1850, residing most of that time in the least frequented parts of the great Arabian Desert—an Arab among the Arabs, and, for the time, a faithful and punctilious worshiper of the Prophet. The French are confessed to be better adapted to write a certain kind of books of foreign travels than the English, on account of the greater flexibility of their temper, by virtue of which they readily conform themselves to whatever condition they are found in, and appreciate whatever of good that condition may afford. It is quite evident that Col. Du Courret is an extreme case even of his own class. Impelled by an almost insane thirst for adventure, and especially longing to explore those parts of the world least known to Europeans, he stuck at nothing that seemed requisite to his purpose. Desiring to traverse the deserts of Arabia he professed the faith of Islam, and visiting Mecca touched the black stone of the Kâaba, and so gained the title of a Hadji, having already obtained from Ali Pashaw the rank and title of Bey, or Colonel. The book—written with great simplicity and directness of narration—abounds with adventures, escapes, and strange stories of natural curiosities and social observances. The title chosen by the author—"The Mysteries of the Desert"—though censured by some of the French critics and discarded by the translator, seems not an inappropriate one. The whole story bears a general resemblance to the Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixotte, and Baron Munchausen class—and though marked with a kind of verisimilitude in style and method, there is still large room left for doubts and questions. But the whole scene and its circumstances are so far out of the ordinary range of thought and observation that there is but little practical interest in the question of the real or fictitious character of these statements; and whether real or imaginary they are still the same gorgeous images of the dream-land of the east, and in either case adapted to give much valuable as well as curious information.

It is now more than two years since I read Mr. Thomas Witlem Atkinson's "Oriental and Western Siberia," of which I think I about that time gave your readers some account—a work that at first attracted less attention than it deserved, but has been steadily growing in the public favor till the present, and now it is confessed to be of the small number of books of travels that possesses a permanent value and a perpetual interest. It is also known to the readers of that work that its author spent no less than seven years exploring the vast wastes of Asiatic Russia, of which only a small part is there recorded. The announcement of a new volume, *Travels in the Amoor Regions*, just now issued by the Harpers, containing a second installment of the story, could not fail, therefore, to awaken a lively interest with all such. This whole region has hitherto been as completely shut out from the exploration of Europeans as either Arabia Deserta or the interior of Africa, till

quite recently it has been brought within the range of European diplomacy and commerce, through the powerful intervention of Russia, and so opened to the enlightened inspection of European and American travelers. Mr. Atkinson possesses some highly-valuable qualities, fitting him both clearly to observe and graphically to delineate his observations. He found congenial employment and recreations in the wild life of the Siberian mountains and forests, and in the dreamy and interminable wastes of the Asiatic steppes, with their wandering, nomadic people—their plains, and lakes, and volcanic rock-peaks—their mirages and sandstorms. He also had the requisite knowledge of nature and of the relations of things, by which to profit by his own observations. He is at once an enthusiast in his appreciation of the grand, the beautiful, and the curious, and yet the most calculating utilitarian could not more rigidly estimate the practical capabilities of the regions over which he traveled. As a writer he has the singular ability to illustrate his subjects without coloring them, and by simple word-sketching to bring his scenes directly to the reader's imagination in clear and lively conceptions. It is the triumph of the descriptive art to so present its subjects that without exaggerations or false coloring they become agreeable and attractive—and in that this writer especially excels. The region of the Amoor is annually becoming more and more a point of interest to the civilized world, and such books as this must at once increase that interest and also gratify the rational curiosity which is felt in relation to it. If any judge my commendations to be too emphatic, let him read for himself, and then, if he will, let him charge me with extravagance.

But of all the world Africa is becoming the paradise of travelers. Long years ago it was the scene of the wanderings and explorations of a host of them—Bruce, Denham, Clapperton, Mungo Park, and the Landers, to name only a few; but it remained for our own times to send out the greatest number of explorers and to gather the richest harvest from that field. Of Barth, Livingstone, Anderson, and Gordon Cummings—the African Nimrod—the reading public are sufficiently informed, for by their writings large portions of the interior of that dark continent have been laid open. But that mine is not yet exhausted, and another richly-freighted argosy is just now bringing us its treasures. "The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Exploration. By Richard F. Burton," is the title of a large octavo volume, much resembling its older brother, Dr. Livingstone's, just now published by Harper & Brothers. We have all of us in our school-boy days—and a later generation of school-boys have done the same thing—looked upon the map of the African continent, and read with a kind of dreamy wonder the significant words "unexplored deserts" sweeping over a large portion of its interior, its yellow surface unbroken by indications of either artificial objects or physical features, except where the famous "Mountains of the Moon" diversify the picture, and in some cases a large inland lake is thrust in by way of variety. The locations of both the mountains and the lake seem to have been chiefly arbitrary, nor could any tell why they were assumed to exist; but the map needed

them, and so they were allowed to remain unquestioned. But as the old Portuguese mariners, more than six hundred years ago, lifted the southern rim of the heavens from the shoulders of Atlas, and removed the horizon far away to the southward, so the travelers of the present age are dispersing the gray mists that have hitherto veiled the interior regions of Africa, and transforming its dream-land into merely mundane lands and waters, earth and sky. The age of mysteries is passing away forever; hereafter imagination, abandoning the earth to rigid reality, must create its own worlds, and exercise itself among unsubstantial forms.

In the summer of 1857 Captain Burton, of the British East India army, set out from the Zinsebar Islands to explore the regions of Africa that lie to the southward of the sources of the Nile—the usually-designated *locale* of the "Mountains of the Moon." Seven months of hard but very slow traveling brought him with his caravan of attendants to the place where, according to the maps, the mountains should have been found, but which he had no expectation of finding, and there at a distance of nearly six hundred miles in a direct line from the eastern coast, he at length came to the long-sought lake, of which his guides had told him—the *Tanganika*, or "Meeting-Place of Waters," an inland sea of pure fresh water of an area between those of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The book which records these explorations is all alive with stirring and thrilling pictures, of scenes and events, of horrors and wonders, rendered attractive by the beauties and grandeur of nature, and repulsive by the filthiness and falseness of its human subjects. It is written in a lively and brilliant style, abounding at once in glowing descriptions and accurate scientific details.

I have thus far written of books of travel that are—*faits accomplis*. I will now write of what is yet only in prospect. About the time when Captain Burton was setting out from the eastern coast to explore the "land of the moon," another adventurer, Du Chaillu, from the western coast was looking eastward toward the same vast field. That they did not meet and shake hands upon the interior highlands of the great continent was their ill luck, though both of them found abundant occupation in what they met with, and each, returning by the way he went out, lives to recount his adventures to their wondering readers. Du Chaillu's book is still unpublished—only "in preparation," but I happen to know that the materials brought home by this traveler are both rich and abundant. His attention was directed chiefly to the department of zoölogy, for which he had both the real and the knowledge requisite to make his opportunities practically available. He had special penchant for "gorillas," the vilest because the most striking caricatures of the human form found in the whole animal kingdom, against whom he made a war of conquest, and, as the result, has brought off a whole museum of "specimens." Six entirely new quadrupeds and more than a hundred species of birds are among the scientific results of his explorations; some important facts in geography were determined by him, as well as large additions made to the sum of our knowledge of the people and productions of

Intertropical Africa. Of personal adventures and narratives of the passing events of the journey, any needed amount may be supplied. The work is really in course of preparation, under the direction of an altogether competent literary gentleman, and in due time a "sensation" book may be expected.

While on this subject, and by way of finishing it, I may just mention a new book announced by *Ticknor & Fields*—"Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors During Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa," by Dr. J. Lewis Krapf. The scene of Dr. Lewis's labors and researches is sufficiently remote from those described by other recent writers, while his opportunities for extensive and accurate observation have been such as to entitle his remarks to very great consideration. But as I have not seen the book I can give no certain account as to what it is or what it contains. So much for the season's harvest in a single department of literature; truly, "of making many books there is no end, and [as to many of them] much reading is a weariness;" and if all other departments should prove equally prolific, "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Happily there is no law to compel any one to read the whole of them, and this immunity not improbably operates as an incentive to read the more.

It is not always agreeable to our vanity to find out just what is thought by others of ourselves or our productions. The story of Mercury in the shop of the seller of statuary has its moral in the wise man's injunction against overhearing the words of one's servant. But quite recently I met with a marked piece of literary praise, direct and significant, but wholly undesigned. I had occasion not long since to write something about the tribes of Mount Lebanon in connection with an account of the late terrible massacres; but when it appeared in print I was not a little chagrined at a single typographical error, by which one word was substituted for another, and the sense of the sentence destroyed. Presently afterward I met with an article on the same subject in one of our respectable periodicals, into which several of my paragraphs were handsomely dovetailed, and among them the one containing the printer's blunder that had so annoyed me, said blunder still standing out as boldly as though it meant something. Now, that, Mr. Editor, is, to my notion, the most emphatic kind of commendation. To hear one's wisdom quoted with deference is true praise, but to find one's nonsense mistaken for wisdom is the strongest kind of flattery. Once before in my lifetime I received a similar flattery, but that I somewhat doubted whether the evident moral obliquity of its giver ought not to impeach his æsthetic judgment. A photograph of a not specially-beautiful face which you have sometimes looked upon was suspended, among others properly framed, in the artist's gallery, to be gazed at and admired (?) by the visitors, and thence, like Ganymede or Helen, it was borne away by some rapt admirer, whose taste for the time quite overcame his sense of moral duty. Some said it might have been taken for the sake of the setting, but that I set down to the account of an unbecoming jealousy!

Editor's Table.

NOVEMBER AND THE POETS.—November is proverbially a somber month. Just as the house is sad and gloomy before time has softened the anguish with which we laid the loved departed ones in their lonely bed; so the painful emotions with which we look back upon the buried beauties of summer have not had time to subside before November, with its winds, and clouds, and storms, is upon us. The old Saxons called it *wint monath*, or wind month. It is a month that has stirred all the gloomy moods of the poet. M. Louisa Chitwood, in the "sad autumn time," 'mid the leaves and fading flowers, sent forth a refrain sweet and yet sad as her own seraphic spirit:

The south wind sighs, for he misses now
The hand of the summer so sweet,
That scattered roses along his path,
And dew-drops at his feet.

Even the muse of Thomson, the poet of the seasons, struck with the "power of philosophic melancholy," utters his strains in "low whispering" as the glooms of November close around her.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes!
His near approach, the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

In the midst of the disheveled forests, with the November blasts howling around him, and the sun receding farther and still farther, Bryant breaks forth:

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

In the stern presence of November, Hosmer thoughtfully moralizes:

The sky is dark again,
And, roaming sadly in the woodland path,
I deem that grove and plain
Lie in the shadow of celestial wrath.

How sweetly do the skies,
And the wide earth that withers far below,
Though tongueless, sermonize
On that great change we all must undergo!

But Longfellow would teach us that this is not all a scene of sadness:

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining!
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary.

But let us add to the other glooms of November a fog—a London fog—and then take Hood for our poet. You shall read his humorous description:

No sun, no moon;
No morn, no noon;

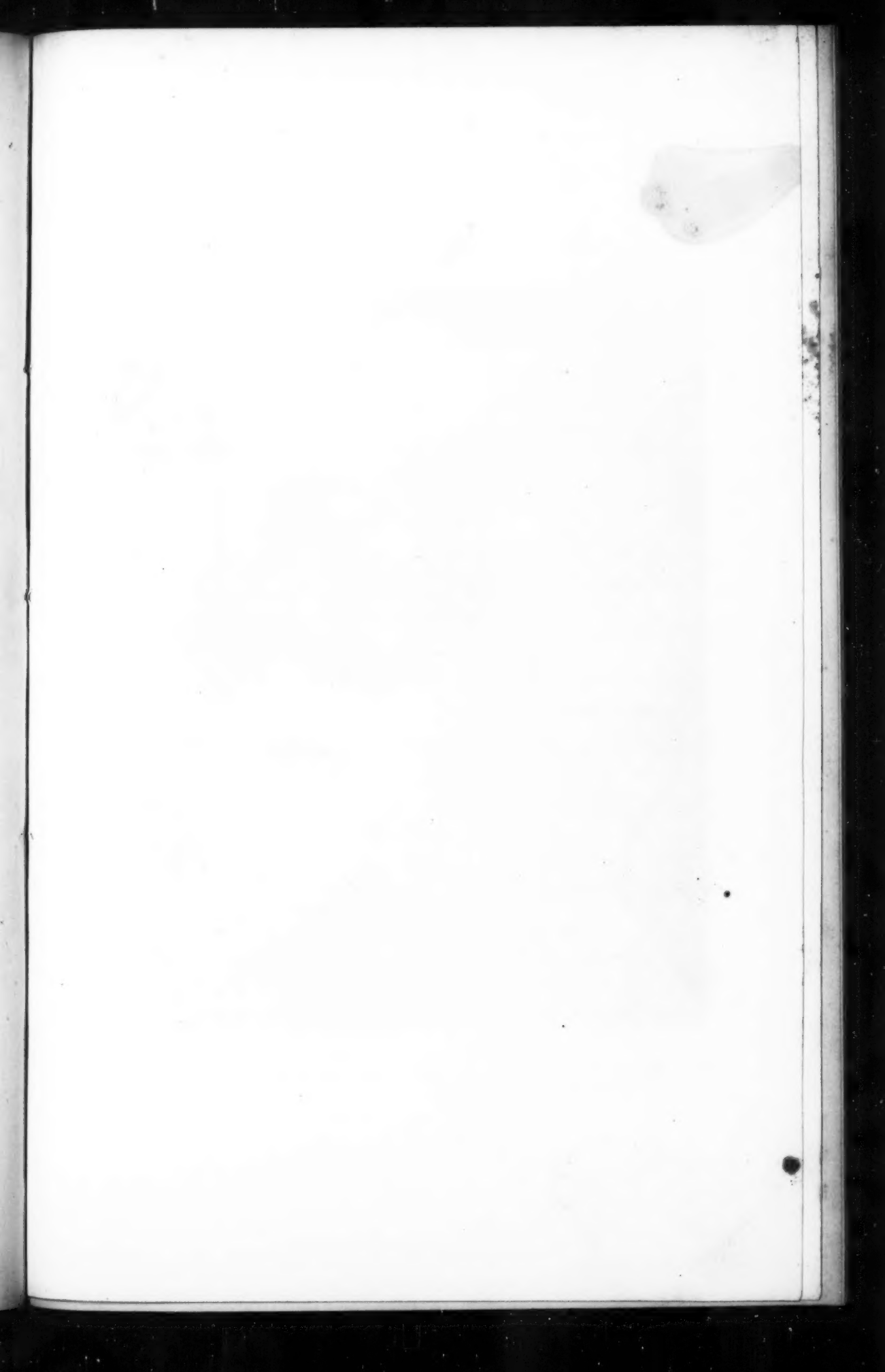
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue;
No roads, no streets, no 't other side the way;
No end to any row;
No indication where the crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people;
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em;
No travelers at all, no locomotion;
No inkling of the way, no motion;
'No go,' by land or ocean;
No mud, no post;
No news from any foreign coast;
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility;
No company, no nobility;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine; no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
No-venber!"

After all, dear reader, there may be gloom without; November winds may howl around us, autumnal frost may blight and wither all that is beautiful; but if the love of the infinite Father fills the heart, it shall be a perpetual summer in the soul.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND CHILDHOOD.—Dark the mind, depraved the heart that does not love to cherish recollections of childhood and home. A friend calls them "sweet memories," and says:

Alone at this quiet evening hour, hallowed thoughts of by-gone years are rushing through my mind and melting my heart. I love to cull again the flowers which strew the pathway of memory, to see, in fancy, familiar forms and faces through the "dim vista of the past." Ah! who does not love to sit in the hushed and quiet hours of life, and call around him cherished friends, to whom so fondly cling the heart's best affections? My schoolmates, with that loved band of smiling faces, I seem to live over again the sunny hours of childhood, and sport in each familiar haunt of an early loved home. The grassy yard, the brook, the spreading tree, and craggy rocks all seem to throw a charm around the place of my nativity, and now make up in memory the counterpart of many a joyous hour. But they are gone, those hours so fraught with joy and gladness are gone; but fondly cherished as "sweet green isles in the ocean of memory" which the rude changes of coming years can ne'er efface. My mind to-night even wanders back to long ago, and lingers by the graves of dear departed ones; for "sweet is the memory of the departed;" they left me, but sundered not the tie that bound us; for my heart in affection yearns for those whose forms the sod has long entombed. Their sacred memory inspires in my heart stronger desires, and holier resolves, to live as they lived, that I may die as they died, and forever dwell with loved friends in that world which knows no change.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles are respectfully declined: Faith Restores the Faded; Hymn; The Pledge; The Death of a Friend; The Drunkard's Child; Midnight; We Left a Dove; Little Lula; We; Summer is Dead; Ye must be Born Again; I Wish 'T were Right to Tell.





ENGRAVED BY W. WELLS

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